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Panama of Today

By A. HYATT VERRILL

Author of "Cuba, Past and Present," "Porto Rico, Past and Present." With illustrations and maps.

The present volume is a revised and generally improved edition of the author's well-known volume, PANAMA, PAST AND PRESENT. Strangely enough, in spite of much that has been written about the Canal, there is very little in the way of definite authoritative information about Panama outside the Canal Zone.

The author of the present work has lived for several years in Panama—he has traveled throughout the length and breadth of the country. He knows its fauna and flora, its people and its customs, its geography and its resources, and he has seen the changes which have taken place from the time of De Lesseps to the present day. In this book he has embodied all the most important facts and most interesting features of the Republic including the Canal.

PANAMA OF TODAY

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TERRIBI INDIAN CHIEF. BOCAS DEL TORO PROVINCE

PANAMA
OF TODAY

BY

A. HYATT VERRILL

Author of "Cuba, Past and Present," "Porto Rico, Past and Present," "South and Central American Trade Conditions of To-day," etc.

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS
BY THE AUTHOR

NEW YORK
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1928

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To My Esteemed Friend

DOCTOR BELISARIO PORRAS

PRESIDENT OF PANAMA

THIS BOOK IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED

RaMac

PANAMA OF TODAY

INTRODUCTION

Strange as it may seem, the Republic of Panama is one of the least-known countries of all Latin America, despite the fact that it is more intimately associated with the United States than any other foreign land, that through its territory runs our wonderful Canal and that some five hundred square miles of its territory is under United States sovereignty. Thousands of tourists annually visit Panama, thousands of strangers pass through the Canal each month; thousands of American citizens are employed and live on the Canal Zone and yet, not one in a thousand, realizes that there is anything of interest in Panama outside the Zone and not one in five thousand knows anything about the Republic which we helped to create

and, by so doing, made the Canal possible. Indeed, the majority of our people are as ignorant of Panama as was the traveler who, after a rough sea trip, landed at Colon, and seeing the railway cars marked "P. R. R." exclaimed: "What a fool I was to come by ship when I could have gone all the way on the Pennsylvania Railroad!"

We are accustomed to think of Panama,—when we give it a thought at all,—as a tiny, worthless country of utterly no interest and no possibilities and it comes as a distinct surprise to find that Panama has an area of over 32,000 square miles or, in other words, is four times as large as Belgium or twice as large as Vermont and New Hampshire combined.

And when we learn that some of its mountains rise for nearly two miles above the sea; that some of its rivers are navigable for one hundred miles inland; that one may ride for days across open, level prairie land; that much of its territory has never been explored or penetrated by civilized man and that within 150 miles from the busy, ultra-civilized, up-to-date Canal Zone dwell thousands of untamed, primitive Indians of many tribes, we begin to realize that there is something of interest in Panama besides the

Canal. Moreover, Panama is far from being the worthless bit of country many assume, for within its borders, are vast forests of valuable cabinet woods; its prairies could support countless thousands of cattle; its waters teem with pearl shells; its jungles are filled with valuable medicinal plants; its mineral resources are marvelous and its agricultural possibilities are boundless.

It is to make known something of this rich and interesting land so near our doors that this book has been written and while, in a book of this size, space forbids a detailed description, or even a mention, of every feature and interesting fact of the country, yet the author has tried to embody all the more important and noteworthy matters which are of general interest. So too, in a work of this scope, it is manifestly impossible to give a complete list of all the timbers, minerals and other resources of the Republic; but it is believed that the lists given will prove of great value and interest and will come as a distinct surprise to many readers. Although much has been written in regard to the Canal, both in the building and after completion, yet much of the material published has been so filled with statistics, figures and techni-

calities that the romantic, human interest of the great work has been quite submerged. In the present volume the Canal has been described from the layman's point of view and very little space has been devoted to the discussion of engineering problems, statistical data and such matters, although the more important figures of expense, maintenance, etc. have been included.

To many people, the inhabitants of a country, their lives, customs and habits are of great interest and for this reason considerable space has been devoted to the Panamanians, as well as to the Americans and the primitive and untamed Indians who still dwell within the republic.

To the hunter and fisherman, Panama offers many attractions and hence the descriptions and lists of the fauna of the Republic have been made rather complete.

As a winter resort, Panama can scarcely be excelled by any spot in the tropics. Here, within a week of New York and with steamers arriving and departing almost as regularly as mail trains, is a wonderfully interesting, tropical country; a land redolent of old Spain and of the most romantic and thrilling deeds of the buccaneers. A land that helped make the history of

the New World and that has played a greater part in the welding of North and South American friendships than any other nation. A country largely unknown and unexplored yet marvelously rich and varied. A spot where one may cross from ocean to ocean in two hours; where one may breakfast with the sweeping trade wind from the Caribbean clashing the palm fronds and may dine with the limitless Pacific like a sheet of burnished gold in the rays of the setting sun. A land where for half the year the climate is ideal and where one's health is safer than in New York or any American city and, withal, a land where one may enjoy all the strange sights and scenes, the life and warmth of the tropics and yet live under Old Glory in comfortable American hotels.

The author, who has lived for many years in Panama, has traveled throughout the length and breadth of the Republic, while engaged in exploration and scientific research work and has penetrated many localities hitherto unknown to white men. He has seen Panama, both during the days of the ill-starred French attempt to dig the Canal and under its present conditions and in this book he has endeavored to describe

the country as he knows it and without prejudice or partiality. If the work helps to arouse a greater interest in Panama; if it leads to a better knowledge and understanding of the Republic and its people; if it results in a greater friendliness and intimacy between our people and the Panamanians or if it serves merely as pleasant reading the purpose of the book will be accomplished.

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PANAMA OF TODAY

CHAPTER I

THE BRIDGE OF THE WORLD

Panama one of the least known countries. Ignorance of Panama. Why so unprogressive and undeveloped. Benefits of Canal. What the war did for Panama. Great resources of country. Fauna and Flora. Advantages of Panama for investments. Size of Panama. Diversity of country. People. Travel in Panama. Lack of roads. Lack of accomodations in interior.

Four centuries and more ago a party of adventurous Spaniards beached their boats upon the coast of an unknown land and later, marching inland, came forth, after untold hardships, upon the shore of another ocean.

All unwittingly they had stumbled upon the narrow strip of land which links the continents of North and South America and had crossed the Isthmus of Panama.

Four hundred years and more have passed since that day when white men looked for the first time upon the Pacific; thousands of people of all nations yearly travel from ocean to ocean

by huge steamships or by roaring trains and yet, today, the world knows scarcely more of Panama than did Balboa and his companions.

The marvelous feat that linked the oceans is known to all the world; the fame of the great ditch has spread to the uttermost ends of the earth; but, aside from the Canal, few people know anything about the Isthmus.

To the average man Panama is synonomous with the Canal and the Canal is Panama. Ask the next man you meet if he knows anything about Panama and he will likely reply: "Sure, that's where they dug the Canal." Nine times out of ten his knowledge will begin and end there, although he may vouchsafe the information that Panama is a land of niggers and fever; that it's a little strip of good-for-nothing land a few miles wide and that its sole industry is making and selling Panama hats. Perchance he may be one of those rare individuals who have stopped for a short time on the Isthmus, or who have passed through the Canal on a ship, or he may be one of Uncle Sam's employees on the Canal Zone. In that case he will perhaps be able to tell you that the climate of Panama is healthful, that there is no yellow fever, that the death rate is lower than in most

North American cities and that Panama hats are *not* made in Panama. But aside from this, and some information about cabarets, the shops and other attractions of Panama City and Colon, and some technical details regarding the Canal,—he can tell you nothing, unless he is a very exceptional person.

And this ignorance of Panama is not confined to Americans and other strangers, but is shared almost equally by the average Panamanian. The native may know something about his country,—or rather about the particular district in which he lives or was raised or owns property or has visited;—but he knows little and cares less about the fauna and flora, the geography, the resources, the people or the possibilities of his native land.

What, it may be asked, is the reason for this ignorance of a country known to Europeans for over four hundred years and which was brought into world-wide prominence by the building of the Canal?

The reason is primarily, that from the earliest times the Isthmus has been used as a short cut from ocean to ocean, that all developement and progress to speak of have been confined to the ports at either end of the route and that all

interests and energies have been devoted to the traffic across the Isthmus and to living off this. The "Bridge of the world" Bolivar called it and for four centuries it has been this and little more.

First, in the old Spanish days, there was the famous Gold Road which led from Porto Bello on the Caribbean to Old Panama on the Pacific. Over this roughly-paved way flowed all the traffic from Old Spain to the western lands of the New Worlds; over it passed all the loot from the Incas; all the vast wealth from the mines of Peru, Ecuador, Bolivia, Chile and western Mexico. Across the Isthmus, via this ancient way, rode the armor-clad soldiery, the proud Hidalogos, the sandaled monks and friars and the hardy Conquistadores who sailed forth from Spain for the fabulously rich pickings to be had in the lands of Incas and Aztec. And ever flowing in the opposite direction, was the stream of heavily-laden mules, of fettered slaves, of returning Dons, carrrying the treasures of New Spain to fill the coffers of the Spanish Crown. Over the Gold Road too, passed Morgan and his ruffians, red-handed from the pillage of Old Panama, and, dragging with them, the captive women and girls from that ill-fated city. In-

deed, it was Morgan's raid which spelled the doom of the Gold Road for, with the destruction of Old Panama and the rebuilding of the city on its present site, the Gold Road soon became a thing of the past.

But once again the Isthmus was to become a golden highway, for with the discovery of gold in California in 1849, thousands of the Argonauts took the Panama route and crossed the Isthmus via the Chagres River. And with the rich toll culled from these adventurers the Panamanians once more waxed prosperous and happy. Then came the railway connecting Aspinwall and Panama and constant traffic was assured. But all that had gone before was as nothing compared to the boom which fell to the lot of Panama when the French made their ill-fated attempt to connect the two oceans with a canal. Then, after a few years of semi-somnambulance, the Americans stepped in, dug the Canal and helped Panama to become an independent Republic with its millions received for the zone safely invested in the United States.

There is no question that the Canal and the advent of the Americans have benefited Panama beyond all calculation in certain ways. The cities have been sanitized and transformed

from pest holes to healthful, modern towns; many diseases have been eliminated; up-to-the-minute improvements have been introduced and the cities of Colon and Panama have prospered amazingly; but in other ways it has been a curse rather than a blessing.

The country at large has not been benefited or developed appreciably, for the attention of the world has been so centered on the Canal that the fact that the Zone is but an infinitesimal portion of the Republic has been quite overlooked and the Panamanians have been too busy and too easily satisfied with living on the overflow of the Canal traffic, and on business directly attributable to it, to bother about the rest of their country or its possibilities.

One of the most beneficial things that ever happened for Panama was the World War for, with much of the interoceanic commerce cut off and with the abnormal prices paid for many tropical products, the Panamanians suddenly discovered that they possessed resources which could be converted into ready cash. Their mahogany and other woods went into aeroplane propellers, gun stocks and other articles; their fustic served to dye the khaki for thousands of our soldiers' uniforms; their manganese went

into the making of shells and armor and munitions and motor trucks; their coconut shells provided innumerable gas masks with the requisite grade of charcoal, and countless other products found their way from little-known Panama to the battle-fields of Europe and helped to win the war.

But all this was of short duration and the outside world knew little or nothing of Panama's aid and never awoke to the fact that the little Republic possessed resources well worthy of investigation. Some, however, saw the opportunities for investment and development in Panama and, as a result, the country appears to be destined for development and prosperity such as it has never known, for, despite popular ideas, or rather lack of ideas, to the contrary, Panama possesses resources, possibilities and natural advantages which make it potentially one of the richest countries in Latin America.

One has but to glance at the map to appreciate the geographical and physical advantages which are Panama's. Even without the Canal its geographical position is almost ideal,—with its ports on either ocean and separated by only fifty miles,—while, with the Canal, the country is in

direct, all-water communication with every part of the world.

Moreover, its very narrowness is a tremendous advantage, for no portion of the Republic is far distant from tide-water and a few miles of railway would give an outlet from any locality to the sea. Physically and geologically it is a portion of South America, or Central America,—whichever you prefer,—for the southern or eastern portion has a typically South American fauna while the fauna of the north or west is as thoroughly Central American, the two meeting at or near the narrowest part of the Isthmus where the Canal is situated. To be sure, there is no distinct line between these two faunal zones; but certain species are never found west of the Canal Zone and other forms of life never occur to the east of it.

And when we realize that Panama is merely an attenuated extension of South America with the same Andean chain forming its Cordilleras, we realize that, after all, there is no valid reason why the country should not possess the same resources as the other South American and Central American republics. In fact it does possess all these and many more, for apparently, all the natural wealth of the neighboring

countries has been condensed in the narrow strip of land comprising the Republic of Panama and northern energy and capital are all that are required to transform the isthmus into a veritable wonderland of wealth and industry.

A very potent factor in preventing the investment of capital in Latin American countries has been the unstable condition of their governments and the uncertainty of one political faction upholding concessions and keeping promises granted by its predecessors. But in Panama such an objection cannot exist, for the government is as stable as our own, the elections are guarded, supervised and judged by United States officials; we guarantee the peace and sovereignty of the Republic; there can be no Panamanian army to create trouble; an American fiscal agent audits all accounts and expenditures and has charge of its finances, and laws and concessions can be relied upon as fully as our own.

Unfortunately the casual visitor to Panamá sees but very little of the country and obtains a very erroneous idea of it, for his experiences are confined to the two largest towns and to the Canal Zone which is the poorest and least interesting portion of the entire Republic. He lands

at Cristobal on United States territory, he sees a bit of Colon, crosses the Isthmus by railway or by Canal and drives about Panama City and thinks he has seen Panama; but it would be just as sensible for a visitor to our country to judge the United States by a visit to New York and Brooklyn. In order to know anything of the real Panama one must take trips into the interior and such trips, if made in the dry season when tourists usually visit Panama, are not nearly as uncomfortable or difficult as might be imagined. During the rainy season, however, such trips are fraught with hardships innumerable and should never be undertaken for pleasure.

Although so small on the maps, yet Panama is really a vast area to cover and months of constant travel would be required to see it all. Moreover, there is an enormous difference between the various sections of the Republic, and a visit to the Darien district, near the Colombian border, will afford no idea of the country in the northern districts of Veraguas and Chiriqui. In the former, for example, all traveling is done by means of native dugout canoes on the rivers whereas, in the northern provinces, one travels

by motor car or by horseback. So too, the people, the fauna, the flora and the topography of the various provinces differ greatly. In one section we will find the inhabitants mainly of mixed Spanish and Indian blood, in another they may be nearly all negroes, in another they will be of Moorish descent, while, in another, they will be of pure Castillian blood. In some sections the country is heavily forested, in others it is covered with dense jungles; some provinces are hilly, others mountainous and still others are broad and level prairies. But nearly all have one point in common and that is lack of good roads and accommodations for travelers. One must carry practically everything on one's trips and one must be prepared to endure innumerable delays.

Much of the backwardness of the Republic is due to the lack of proper means of transportation for, in many places, the roads are merely narrow, winding, jungle trails while in others the so-called cart roads are in fearful condition,—following the course of least resistance,—winding and crooked, filled with deep ruts, holes and boulders and usually "repaired," when they become dangerous by digging them deeper without providing drainage

ditches or crowning. Recently, however, the Government has given contracts for many miles of new automobile roads of Macadam. Several hundred miles have been built and within a few years good roads will connect all the principal towns. Worse than the old roads are the local coastwise steamers or launches in which one must travel from Panama to the outlying ports. Most of these are cattle boats, small, old, and in wretched condition, badly handled and a real menace to life should the weather become rough; but the Pacific is usually calm and a special Providence appears to watch over the Panamanian mariners. Accommodations for the traveler in the interior are conspicuous by their absence, although there are hotels of a sort in many of the larger towns and there is an excellent American hotel among the hills of Chiriqui province. Many of these country hotels or inns are far more comfortable than one would judge from appearances and while utterly lacking in all modern conveniences and sanitation, yet they are fairly clean and the meals served are often excellent. But despite the discomforts of slow and poor steamers and inadequate accommodations a journey through the interior of Panama is well worth

while for any one fond of beautiful scenery, picturesque people, quaint customs and out of door life or for those interested in obtaining a true idea of the little known Republic.

CHAPTER II

PANAMA OF THE PAST

Brief history of Panama. Columbus and his settlements. The Golden Castle. Duchy of Veraguas. Nicuesa. Enciso and Balboa. Discovery of Pacific. Pedrarias the Cruel. Sufferings and hardships. Early settlements. Founding of Old Panama. Explorations and conquests. Hostile Indians. First ideas for canal. Extermination of Indians. African slaves. Sir Francis Drake. Fortifications of Porto Bello. Pirates' attacks. Survey for canal by Spain. Prosperity and wealth. Morgan's attacks. Loot of Panama. British attempts to colonize.

It was on his fourth and last voyage that Columbus first sighted the shores of Panama and in May 1502 he anchored in the bay which is now called Almirante in his honor.[1] Here, and about the borders of Chiriqui lagoon, the Spaniards found many Indians who were adorned with numerous golden ornaments which they readily traded for the beads and gewgaws of the Europeans. All the gold, so the Indians said, came from a neighboring region known

[1] According to many historians Panama was discovered by Bastidas who sailed from Spain in October 1501 and is said to have touched at the Isthmus several months before Columbus arrived.

as "Veragua" and, learning this, Columbus at once set sail for the new Eldorado.

Cruising along the coasts towards the east the little fleet arrived at a beautiful bay whose shores were covered with the fruit trees and gardens of an Indian town nestling under the palms. So charming did the spot appear that Columbus called it Porto Bello [1] and, as the natives were friendly, the Spaniards remained here for several days. On this voyage Columbus was accompanied by his brother, Bartolome, and by his son, Fernando, a lad of 13 years, and we can readily imagine the delight with which the boy and his companions welcomed the opportunity to romp ashore and eat the luscious fruits and crisp maize cakes of the Indians.

But Christopher was not searching for beauty spots or agricultural paradises, and finding he had passed the golden shores of Veragua, he once more set sail and after a stormy passage arrived at the mouth of the Belen River. Here he was welcomed by the chief or cazique, Quiban, who was virtually ruler of all the tribes of the region.

[1] The real name of the town was San Felipe de Portobelo, the Spanish spelling however has been generally abandoned in favor of the form used.

After making a treaty with Quiban, Columbus proceeded to establish a town and colony on the spot to which he gave the name of Santa Maria de Belen. This move, however, did not meet with the approval of the Indians who prepared to make war upon the intruders. Hearing of this, Don Bartolome, who was in command of the settlement, surprised the chief and his companions, and binding them hand and foot, cast them into a boat to be taken down the river. Notwithstanding his bonds, Quiban, by an almost superhuman effort, threw himself into the stream and succeeded in gaining the shore in safety. Without further delay he rallied his tribesmen and attacked the Spaniards so fiercely that the place became untenable and the Dons were compelled to abandon the settlement and the coasts of Veragua in April 1503.

But even during their short stay the Spaniards had obtained great quantities of gold and Columbus, writing to the King of Spain, said, "I have seen more gold in a day here than in Española in one year." Indeed, so great was the value of the precious metal obtained that the country was given the name

of Castilla de Oro or Golden Castle while Veragua was made a dukedom and the title Duke of Veraguas was conferred upon the grandson of Columbus, a title which his descendants hold to this day.

Despite the wealth of the newly discovered land, the wars between Spain and Naples prevented any attention being given to the territory for several years or until 1508 when, peace having been restored, King Ferdinand VII commissioned Diego de Nicuesa to set forth and conquer the Castilla de Oro and establish colonies.

Nicuesa set sail from Santo Domingo and with 300 men arrived at the Isthmus in November 1509. Cruising along the coast from Bocas del Toro to Porto Bello, and finding the Indians everywhere hostile, he at last selected a fertile spot, to which Columbus had given the name of Bastimentos, and rechristening it Nombre de Dios he constructed a strong stockade.

The Indians, however, waged a constant guerilla warfare and destroyed crops and plantations, forcing the Spaniards to subsist upon grass and the few animals they possessed, so that the 300 men were soon reduced to less than

one hundred, including the sick and wounded, who finally abandoned the settlement and sailed eastward.

In the meantime, colonists under Ojeda had founded the town of San Sebastian on the eastern shores of the Gulf of Uraba, and having received reënforcements from Santo Domingo, transferred themselves to the western shores of the gulf in territory alloted to Nicuesa.

It was with these new-comers, brought by Martin Fernandez de Enciso, that Vasco Nuñez de Balboa arrived on the Isthmus, and almost at once trouble began to brew, for Balboa,—an unknown adventurer who reached the New World by stowing away in an empty cask on one of the ships,—was an unprincipled, ambitious scoundrel always ready to foment strife and insurrection for his own ends. Nevertheless, he was a born leader and possessed a personality which made him a great favorite with the rough colonists and adventurers.

Having defeated the Cimaco Indians the Spaniards captured the latter's village, which contained a vast amount of gold, and which they renamed Santa Maria la Antigua del Darien.

Finding himself very popular with the men

Balboa incited a revolution, refused to recognize the authority of Enciso and declared himself Alcalde with the idea of joining Nicuesa. When Nicuesa arrived, however, it was learned that he proposed to take possession of all the booty and, as a result, he was not permitted to land and on March 1st, 1511 he was forced to sea in a miserable ship with only seventeen of his faithful followers and was never heard from again.

Balboa now decided to make himself chief of the colonies, and having obliged Enciso to return to Santo Domingo, he confiscated all Enciso's property and started to explore the country, slaughtering the Indians and looting their villages at every turn. The country of the chief Careta was invaded and the chief himself was forced to become an ally through Balboa seizing and marrying his favorite daughter. Then, with forces agumented by the Indians, the Spaniards entered the territory of Comagre who received the Europeans in a friendly manner.

It was during the Spaniards' quarrel over the division of gold that Panquiaco, the son of the chief, conceived the brilliant idea of getting the unwelcome visitors off his hands

by spinning a most alluring yarn. According to his tale there was a kingdom to the south where the people ate and drank from vessels of solid gold, but, he added, to reach this marvelously rich land, which was on the shores of another sea, at least 1000 men would be necessary in order to vanquish the many hostile tribes to be encountered on the way.

Fired by this story, Balboa dispatched messengers to Spain begging for more men and supplies to fit out an expedition; but too impatient to await a reply, and knowing that Enciso would doubtless report his doings to the King, he resolved to start at once and on September 1st, 1513, accompanied by only 190 men and a number of bloodhounds, he set out on his historic journey across the Isthmus.

Fortunately for the Spaniards, their bloodhounds caused a panic among the Indians and, moreover, Careta supplied nearly 1000 of his braves to accompany the Dons. Forcing their way through country inhabited by the most savage of hostile tribes, undergoing hardships and privations innumerable, weighted down with armor and decimated by fever and the bites of poisonous insects, the Spaniards pressed on, until, ascending the last range of

hills, Balboa, who had gone ahead, saw the sparkling sea stretching to the horizon.

Three days later the Spaniards arrived at the shores of the gulf, the first man to reach the water being Alonso Martin, who, finding a canoe on the beach, at once leaped in and paddled from shore in order to be the first white man to navigate the new ocean. A few moments later, Balboa arrived and, having drunk of the salt water, he waded into the gulf in full armor and took possession of the ocean in the names of the King and Queen of Spain and christened the gulf San Miguel.

History fails to relate what was said or done to Panquiaco when the Dons failed to find the rich kingdom of his story; but it is probable that Panquiaco, being a lad of intelligence and discretion, took advantage of opportunity and placed himself safely beyond reach of Balboa while the Spaniard's attention was occupied with the new-found sea.

But even though the riches described by the chief's son were not found, still the Dons had little cause for complaint, for they found the natives using pearls as decorations on their canoes and they gathered in a vast amount of loot in gold and pearls from the helpless

Indians. From them he learned that the pearls were obtained in great abundance at the islands visible in the distance and to which Balboa gave the name of Pearl Islands. Returning by a different route, the Spaniards arrived safely in Santa Maria del Darien on January 19th, 1514 with booty valued at more than 100,000 castellaños of gold.

There has been a great deal of discussion as to the point where Balboa crossed the isthmus and authorities do not agree as to the peak from which he first looked upon the Pacific. In most histories it is stated that he gazed upon the new-found sea from Mount Piri; but I have ascended that peak and know that it is impossible to see the ocean, or even the Gulf of Miguel, from its summit. Moreover, if Balboa ascended Mount Piri he must have gone far out of his way and, as he was accompanied and guided by Indians familiar with the country, it is reasonable to assume that the expedition followed the shortest and easiest trails. At the present time the Indians travel from the site of Santa Maria del Darien to the Gulf of San Miguel via the Chucunaque or Tuira rivers, ascending streams flowing into the Atlantic, crossing the low divide and descending the

rivers emptying into the Gulf of San Miguel. If this were the route followed by Balboa, then the mountain from which he first looked upon the Pacific was one of the peaks of the Chucunaque range, a supposition borne out by the fact that it was but "*three days* travel" to the coast.

Still further evidence in support of this theory lies in the fact that ruins of ancient Spanish forts are to be found on the Chucunaque River near the present town of Yaviza and that for many years after Balboa's first trip the Spaniards followed this route in crossing the Isthmus.

But to return to Balboa and the turbulent times of Panama's past. Soon after Balboa returned to Santa Maria he dispatched Pedro de Arbolancha to Spain laden with presents of gold and pearls for the Sovereigns and with a request that Balboa should be rewarded by being commissioned commander in chief of the Castilla de Oro. Arbolancha, however, arrived in Spain too late, for Pedro Arias de Avila had already been appointed governor of the country and had left with 1500 men with instructions to proceed against Balboa who had been denounced by Enciso.

The new governor, who was commonly known as Pedrarias the cruel, reached Darien in June, 1514 and although he was received with all due respect and hospitality by Balboa yet the discoverer of the Pacific was promptly arrested and forced to pay enormous indemnities to Enciso and other persons. Accompanying Pedrarias were several priests and a Bishop, as well as the governor's wife and several other women, these being the first clergymen and first women to arrive on the Isthmus.

Santa Maria was then a settlement of over 200 thatched houses and was raised to the dignity of a city and espiscopal see, but so little attention had been given to cultivating the fertile land that there was insufficient food and, as a result, the Spaniards died off like rats until a bare 700 remained.

Homesick, frightened and sick the people clamored to be taken back to Spain or Santo Domingo, but Pedrarias was obdurate and ordered them to scatter and to establish colonies among the friendly Indians. To set an example he dispatched Juan de Ayora and 400 men to found the town of Santa Cruz on

the shores of the bay and to establish the colony of Los Andes in the mountains.

Sensible as was this plan it came to naught owing to the outrages committed by Ayora which caused the hitherto friendly Indians to rise and drive the Dons from their settlements. Ayora, knowing the temper of peppery old Pedrarias, decided that discretion was the better part of valor and, laden with booty and accompanied by a few friends, he slipped away and eventually arrived safely in Spain.

Learning of the attack on Los Andes, the governor sent a force under Captain Antonio Tello de Guzman to reënforce the garrison, but upon his arrival he found it merely a heap of ashes and thereupon decided to proceed to the Pacific and eventually reached a small fishing village known as Panama. Finding that the Pacific slopes were far richer and offered greater advantages than the Atlantic, numerous expeditions set forth from Santa Maria and in their insatiable thirst for gold the Dons explored the coast as far as the present provinces of Cocle, Los Santos and Veraguas. Finally, Pedrarias himself moved bag and baggage to Panama where he met an expedi-

tion led by Espinosa and which had come overland. Joining forces, the town of Panama was founded on August 15th, 1519 and Espinosa was commissioned to explore the western coast. On this expedition he made his way as far as Chiriqui and founded numbers of towns in the interior of Veraguas, several of which still exist, such as Nata founded in 1520, the oldest inhabited town in continental America, Santiago de Veràguas founded in 1521 and San Franciso de la Montaña de Veraguas founded in 1522. The old church at San Francisco still stands and is in daily use and is probably the oldest occupied building on the American continent.

Espinosa however, did not have plain sailing in Veraguas by any means. The district was a stronghold of the most warlike and powerful Indians on the Isthmus and under their chiefs, Urraca, Musa and Bulba, they successfully resisted the repeated attacks of the Spaniards, despite the latter's artillery, and, on one occasion, held the forces of Pedrarias himself for an entire day without giving way a foot. For nine years Urraca carried on his war against the whites, continually harassing the towns, and maintaining his independence and the

freedom of his people until his death in 1531.

In the meantime, Pedrarias had all the inhabitants, as well as their animals and foodstuffs, transferred from Santa Maria to Panama and by an ecclesiastical decree the espiscopal see was also transferred to the new settlement. Here Pedrarias ruled as governor until 1526 and during his administration the colony prospered and expeditions left for Nicaragua which was subdued and where Francisco Fernandez de Cordoba, who had proclaimed an independent government, was defeated and shot by Pedrarias' orders. It was from this little settlement of Panama that Francisco Pizarro embarked for the conquest of Peru and for many years the Isthmus became the most important of Spain's colonies in the new world.

Owing to his realization of its importance as a bridge of the world, the King of Spain in 1534 dispatched Pascual de Andagoya to make a survey with the idea of constructing a canal to connect the two oceans, the plan being to use the Chagres as far as Cruces and then connect with the Rio Grande. Andagoya reported the scheme as practical, but thought it would cost far more than Spain could afford and the plan

was abandoned. What a tremendous difference it might have made in the world's history if such a waterway had been dug!

By 1539 the conquest of the Isthmus was practically complete and approximately as much land was under the Spaniard's rule and as many towns were in existence as at the present time.

Of the half million Indians who originally dwelt within the boundaries of Castilla de Oro only a handful remained, for those not killed in warfare had been made slaves and had been worked, beaten and starved to death in the mines which, at that time, were the richest in the world.

In order to secure labor, the Spaniards imported Moorish and negro slaves from Africa, and the ill treatment of these brought a just retribution on the Dons, for the slaves, running away or revolting, took to the bush and aided the French and British pirates and buccaneers who cruised off the coasts and frequently landed to attack the Spanish settlements.

Indeed, had it not been for the help of these Cimmaroon negroes Drake never could have taken Nombre de Dios when in 1595 [1] he landed

[1] There seems to be some confusion regarding this date. According to some histories Nombre de Dios was abandoned in favor of Porto Bello in 1584 but as records in the Archives of Panama state that Porto Bello was not estab-

on the Atlantic coast with 750 men. Having beaten the Spaniards at Nombre de Dios, Drake and his men accompanied by many Cimmaroons marched inland to attack Panama, but owing to the carelessness of one of his sailors, who incautiously showed himself while in ambush, the British were defeated in the mountains of Capira and were compelled to beat a hasty retreat. It was from wounds received in this battle that Drake died soon after reaching his ship, his body being buried at sea in the Bay of Porto Bello.

So rich had Panama now become that the cupidity of the pirates was aroused and their attacks became so frequent and so bold that it was decided to fortify Porto Bello and the mouth of the Chagres and work on these fortifications was commenced in 1597. They were completed in 1602 and were considered impregnable, but the very year that the forts were finished William Parker with 200 pirates captured Porto Bello, burned a part of the town and carried off an immense amount of booty. Soon after this, and during the régime of Diego Fernandez de Velasco as governor, the

lished as a city until 1597 and as Drake's memoirs give the date of his exploit as 1595 I consider that correct.

subject of a canal across the Isthmus again came up and in 1616 King Philip III ordered a survey of the Darien country to see if it were possible to connect the two oceans by way of the Tuira River and the Gulf of San Miguel.

Hardly had the matter been broached however, when the Dons realized that such a waterway would aid the pirates and other enemies in attacks on Panama and the work was promptly abandoned. For a number of years thereafter Panama prospered; vast amounts of gold flowed from the mines of Veraguas and Darien to the coffers of Spain; wealth incalculable came from Peru, from Mexico and from the rich cities of western South America and was transported across the Isthmus via the famous Gold Road; great fleets of plate ships and of galleons rode at anchor in the ports of Panama, of Nombre de Dios and of Porto Bello; the prairies furnished grazing land for thousands of head of cattle and, throughout the world, Panama became famed as that "Goode and Staytlye City," the richest colony of New Spain and the key to all the untold riches of the western coasts of South and North America.

Then, in June, 1668,—like a bolt from a clear

sky—Sir Henry Morgan swept down on Porto Bello, defeated the Spaniards, captured the town and sailed away with booty to the value of a quarter of a million dollars.

With his departure, the Dons once more breathed freely, but not for long, for, two years later,—in December 1670,—Morgan's squadron appeared off the mouth of the Chagres and with 2500 men the famous buccaneer took the castle of San Lorenzo by strategy and continued up the Chagres bent on sacking Panama.

Landing at Las Cruces, Morgan and his freebooters marched overland, but word of their approach had already been sent to Panama and when they arrived in front of the city they found 1500 Spaniards awaiting them.

Knowing the ferocity and fighting abilities of the pirates, the Spaniards had gathered together a great herd of wild bulls which they drove towards the oncoming buccaneers, but the British scattered, and throwing themselves on the ground hamstrung the cattle as they passed and then rushed on the Spaniards.

With their morale shaken by tales of the pirates' reckless daring and cruelty, and greatly outnumbered, the Spaniards gave way after a short but bloody engagement and the victorious

freebooters swarmed into the city. However, the warning given to the city and the delay caused by the battle, had enabled the residents to carry the greater portion of their riches, as well as most of the plate and golden fittings of the churches, aboard ships in the harbor which then put to sea.

Furious at this, Morgan inflicted every imaginable torture and reprisal upon the Spaniards and when, that night, the town was burned, his rage knew no bounds, for he had given strict orders that the city should be spared, (thinking no doubt to return at some future date) and, as no one knew whether the conflagration had been started by some patriotic Spaniard or by some roistering, drunken pirate, Morgan spared neither friend nor foe until his terrific temper had worn itself out. Then, as there was nothing else to be gained by remaining, he left the ruins of Panama on Feb. 24th carrying with him 194 muleloads of gold, silver and precious stones, as well as scores of women and girls, a number of priests and many nuns.

So much has been written of Morgan that one has the impression that he ravaged the Spanish Main for years and was a most bloodthirsty old

ruffian. As a matter of fact, Morgan's entire career as a pirate lasted but a scant five years and all his most famous deeds, or misdeeds, were committed within a period of three years. In many ways too, Morgan was a most exemplary pirate and was not nearly as cruel or bloodthirsty as many less notorious freebooters. His fame was gained largely through the sheer bravado of his deeds, the fact that he was made Lieutenant Governor of Jamaica and was the only pirate on record to be knighted.

Like nearly all the pirate leaders he was a very forceful character with a vast amount of personal magnetism and was a born leader of men, and even his worst enemies could never accuse him of cowardice. But, on the other hand, he had a strangely complex and paradoxical character.

It is said of him, that, while Lieutenant Governor of Jamaica, he punished those accused of piracy with the utmost rigor and hung them with scarce a semblance of trial, but on the other hand, he aided and abetted his brother and several friends in fitting out and profiting by piratical ventures. He regularly attended church and it is said that on more than one occasion he shot down men for disturbing

church services and that divine services were always held on his ships whenever a priest or clergyman happened to fall into his clutches. History fails to relate what he did with the priest or minister after services were over, but he no doubt made them walk the plank or disposed of them otherwise with equal dispatch, for that was "Harry Morgan's way" as he was fond of saying. So too, he was utterly without principle and would betray his own men and after the sack of Panama he made away with the bulk of the loot and left his men to shift for themselves as best they might.

It was soon after the looting of Panama also that he exhibited a most striking example of his Quixotic nature. According to the story, one of the captured women had a lover who offered to ransom her, and the sum offered being very large, Morgan halted his men and awaited the ransom. By some trickery, however, the messenger was waylaid and the ransom was brought by the friend of a captive priest with a statement that it had been sent by the Bishop to purchase the friar's freedom. Accordingly, the priest was released, but ere he had reached safety, the real messenger arrived with his tale, whereupon Morgan

promptly sent men to capture the priest, hung him to the nearest tree, released the woman, restored her to her lover accompained by an armed guard and, to still further prove his gallantry, he returned the ransom as a wedding gift!

But of Morgan's personality or pleasantries the Spaniards knew little and cared less. To them, he was a fiend incarnate, an ever-present menace and, realizing the defenseless position of their ruined city, they moved further north and founded the present city of Panama on January 1st, 1673.

Whether it was because of the new city's strong defenses and strategic position, or whether it was owing to the fact that there was little wealth to attract them, the pirates left Panama in peace thereafter and confined their operations to the Atlantic seaboard.

But there were others than the buccaneers who caused the Dons many a sleepless night and many a hard fought and bloody battle in the years to follow. Thus, on Oct. 30th, 1698, one, William Patterson, (the same man who founded the Bank of England), a hard-headed Scotchman, arrived at the coast of Darien with a squadron of ships and 1200 men. Their

object was to establish a British colony on the coast, exploit the riches of Darien and steal a bit of Spanish territory under the very noses of the Dons.

Glad to help any enemies of the hated Spaniards, the Indians made a treaty of peace with Patterson and a town was established which they called New Edinburgh, while the land which they took possession of in the name of the King of England, and which they claimed from Porto Bello to the Gulf of Uraba, was christened Calidonia.

Like many another expedition Patterson's venture was doomed to failure through ignoance and shortsightedness and so many of the colonists were taken sick and such a large number died that the colony was abandoned in June, 1699. On the 30th of November of the same year, however, a second British expedition arrived with 1300 men, but the Spaniards, now thoroughly alive to Britian's determination to secure a foothold on the Isthmus, harassed the Scotch and carried on a relentless guerilla warfare until the British surrendered on April 24th, 1700 and were gallantly permitted to abandon their settlement with full military honors.

CHAPTER III

THE DAWN OF A NEW ERA

Barren years. Dreams of liberty. Freedom proclaimed. Union with Colombia. Argonauts of '49. Panama Railway. The French Canal Company. Collapse of French scheme. Independence of Panama. Treaty with United States. Why Canal became a posssibility. Sanitation by Americans. A dream fulfilled.

By this time, conditions in Panama were very bad for several reasons. First, there were the constant raids of the buccaneers on the Atlantic coast, then the cimmaroons and native Indians were constantly revolting and destroying settlements and property, as well as lives, while, to make matters even worse, commercial operations had practically ceased as Spain no longer used the Bridge of the World as her golden highway.

Thus matters went from bad to worse. The vast herds of cattle which grazed upon the open prairies of Cocle, Veraguas and Los Santos were driven off or killed by revolting slaves and Indians or were scattered far and wide when the ranches were burned and their owners mas-

sacred. The mines, formerly so rich, were either abandoned, owing to the impossibility of retaining slave labor or through the attacks of Indians who murdered all within reach and destroyed the shafts and works. Outlying farms and plantations could not be worked and Spain, grown decadent, could offer no help nor encouragement and the overbearing Spanish officials became tyrannical despots.

Then, with the first cry of liberty given in Quito in 1809, ideas of freedom and independence surged through Panama; but still the Isthmus remained faithful to the Crown and proved a most convenient spot for provisioning and outfitting the troops dispatched by Spain to quell the revolting colonies of Venezuela, Colombia, Ecuador and Peru.

The last of these expeditions to leave the Isthmus,—and the only one which had any real bearing upon the future of Panama,—departed for Ecuador on Oct. 22nd, 1821 under command of Captain General Juan de la Cruz Murgeon. Before leaving, General Murgeon placed a distinguished Panamanian in charge of the Isthmus. This man, who had formerly been Governor of Veraguas Province, was Colonel José de Fabrega and his promotion, at the time

when Spain's cause in America appeared hopeless, raised the highest hopes of independence in the hearts of the Panamanians. So successful were the leaders of the secession in inducing the Spanish garrisons to desert that on November 13th, 1821 liberty was proclaimed in Los Santos and soon afterwards in Pese and Nata.

By the end of November, desertions had reached such a point that the force of loyal troops in the capital had been reduced to those in charge of the jails and when, on the night of Nov. 27th, sixty soldiers deserted their posts in a body carrying their arms with them, the Spanish officers became alarmed and placed the few remaining soldiers at the most strategic spots about the city.

Despite this the people invaded the Plaza Central and, without violence or bloodshed, demanded that the Municipal Council should meet and decide the fate of the Isthmus, with the result, that the Governor, the Captain General, the Bishop, the representatives of the various Provinces and a number of prominent civil and military authorities met and decided that Panama should be freed of Spanish rule and should join Colombia with Colonel Fabrega

in supreme command of the country. Thus Panama was the only one of Spain's colonies to secure independence without serious bloodshed.

As Panama had voluntarily joined with Greater Colombia, the government of the latter appointed a Venezuelan, Jose Maria Carreno, to take charge, Fabrega at his own request being transferred to his old post as governor of Veraguas. On his arrival, Carreno put into effect the Constitution of Colombia and also organized a body of 1700 infantry and with these he left to coöperate with the forces fighting for liberty in Peru, Colombia and Venezuela.

Owing to the anarchistic and unsettled condition of Colombia, the Panamanians decided to withdraw from the Colombia federation and to join their state with Venezuela and Ecuador, thus being protected by the European powers which had recognized these countries. With this object in view, a meeting of the leading citizens was called on September 26th, 1831 at which Panama was declared independent of Colombia and Simon Bolivar was called upon to aid in the union of a greater Colombia.

Under this new order of things General Jose

Domingo Espinar, the military commandant, assumed control and the movement was enthusiastically received through the Province of Panama, but was opposed in Veraguas, where Fabrega was not in favor of the move and, as Bolivar advised against it, the Isthmus was once more incorporated with Colombia by the decree of December 11th, 1831.

For the next sixteen years nothing of great importance transpired to disturb the tranquility of the Isthmus but, at the close of the Mexican War, Panama suddenly sprang into world-wide prominence and reaped such a harvest of gold and prosperity as it had not seen since the famous days of the old Gold Road and the plate-laden galleons.

With the discovery of gold in California, hundreds of the Argonauts chose the Panama route in preference to the tedious, but scarcely more dangerous, way across the plains and the Rockies. Following in the footsteps of Morgan and his buccaneers, the gold seekers made their way up the Chagres to Cruces and hence by mule or afoot to Panama. Absolutely lacking in sanitation, Panama was then a veritable pest hole of disease; the towns on the Chagres and the rough camps and settlements which sprang

up were reeking with filth and the deadly Chagres fever was carried everywhere by the swarming mosquitoes. Vile liquor and viler women added their quota to the hell hole of the Isthmus and Panama became a synonym for all that was deadly, disease ridden and to be shunned. The wonder is that any of the gold-crazed men ever lived to reach their destination, not that so many died, and the irony of it was, that in their one blind endeavor to reach the new Eldorado of California, they passed all unheeding through a land where every stream carries gold and which once was the greatest gold producing country in the world.

But to Panama the Argonauts were a treasure trove; immense stocks of merchandise filled the shops and stores; prices soared to unheard of heights; money flowed like water and undreamed of prosperity set in. Moreover, as it was very dangerous to transport gold across the continent, and as the costs of freighting supplies by ox cart or pack train from east to west was tremendous, commerce once more flowed back and forth across the Isthmus; ships once more filled its harbors and then, to accommodate the fast increasing traffic, the Panama Railway was begun in May, 1850 and completed

on January 27th, 1855 at a cost of nearly eight millions, and the Bridge of the World became a world's highway in truth.

Although Panama thought the pinnacle of prosperity and affluence had been reached with the building of the railroad and the immense increase in interoceanic commerce which followed, yet it was as nothing compared to the boom which fell to the lot of the country when the French commenced the task of severing the Isthmus by a ship canal. As mentioned in a previous chapter, the idea of a trans-isthmian canal was broached soon after the country was settled by the Spaniards, in 1534 in fact, but that, and a later scheme in 1616, were abandoned for several reasons. The church opposed it on the ground that it would be sacrilegious to connect oceans separated by God; the cost was too great to be borne by the treasury of Spain, while finally, and possibly most important of all, the Spaniards feared that a canal across the Isthmus would be of greater benefit to their foes than to themselves.

The first survey in 1534 was over very nearly the same route followed by the French, and later by the Americans, the idea being to utilize the Chagres River to Cruces and then cut

through to the Rio Grande. But the survey of 1616 was over the old Darien route followed by Balboa, and, in many ways, this was preferable to the other. In fact, both the French and American engineers looked into the possibilities of this route and not a few engineers claim that it would have been cheaper and better in the end than the one adopted.

After more than two centuries the project of a canal across the Isthmus was again broached in 1838 when a concession was granted to a French company and Napoleon Garella was sent to make a report. Although he reported favorably yet the concession was allowed to lapse owing to lack of capital. Then, in 1878, the Universal Interoceanic Canal was organized and incorporated by Ferdinand de Lesseps who convened a congress called the "International Congress of Surveys for an Interoceanic Canal." This committee, which met in Paris in 1879 decided upon a sea level canal to be completed in twelve years at a cost of $240,000,000.

Almost immediately, a large slice of the limited capital was used in purchasing a controlling interest in the stock of the Panama Railway, for the excessive sum of over $18,000,000. During the next two years over $60,000,000.

were used in surveys and preliminary work and little accomplished, for De Lesseps, who had successfully built the Suez Canal, would listen to nothing but a sea-level canal for the Isthmus. By 1887 not a stroke of actual construction work had been done and by then the French had become convinced that it was impossible to complete their original plans with the funds at their disposal. As a result, the sea-level idea was abandoned in favor of a canal with locks, which would raise the summit level above the flood level of the Chagres and which would be supplied with water by pumping. With this new plan in view, actual excavation work was commenced in 1888, but, a year later, the company went into bankruptcy. Although over $260,000,000. had been expended and only 66,700,000 cubic yards had been excavated, nevertheless, a new company was formed in 1894 and work was resumed in 1895; but through mismanagement, waste, inefficiency, lack of adequate funds and, most of all, owing to the enormous fatality among the men from fever and other diseases, the French gave up in despair, leaving vast amounts of supplies, machinery and equipment to rust and corrode and to be overgrown with the jungle.

It was then that negotiations were begun with the governments of the United States and Colombia with a view to disposing of the French concessions to the United States and the Herran-Hay treaty was drawn up by which Colombia was to authorize the French company to dispose of its rights and properties to the United States, and giving the latter the sole right to construct and operate the canal for a term of 100 years,—which might be renewed,—and at the same time ceding a zone three miles wide on each side of the canal, but excluding the cities of Panama and Colon.

Although satisfactory to both the French and the Americans, yet this treaty met with great opposition in Colombia and was rejected by the Colombian congress on August 12th, 1903, despite declarations by the Panamanian representatives, Jose Domingo de Obaldia and Dr. Louis de Roux, who stated that if the treaty were thrown out Panama might revolt and establish an independent government in order to make the canal possible.

A few days after the rejection of the treaty, Obaldia, who had been appointed governor of Panama, returned to his native land and with his friends of the independent party at once

proceeded to open secret negotiations with Washington, with the idea of obtaining assurances that, in case the independence of Panama were declared, the United States would recognize it. As an inducement, the Panamanians pledged themselves to sign a treaty similar to the Herran-Hay and, to carry out these negotiations, Dr. Manuel Amador Guerrero was dispatched to the United States. Accomplishing his mission with the greatest success, and being assured that Uncle Sam would stand behind their secession, the Panamanians appointed a Committee of Independence with Guerrero at its head and at once obtained the coöperation of the liberal party and the services of General Esteban Huertas, who was then chief of the Colombian troops in Panama.

Headed by the liberal leader, General Domingo Diaz, the leading citizens met in Santa Ana Plaza on the afternoon of Nov. 3rd, 1903 and marched to the Chiriqui barracks where General Huertas had already imprisoned two Colombian generals, Juan B. Tobar and Ramon C. Amaya, who had been dispatched from Colombia at the head of a battalion with orders to replace General Huertas. Unfortunately for them, they had traveled across from Colon

alone, leaving their troops behind owing to the difficulty of transportation and had thus fallen easily into the hands of the revolutionists.

On the evening of the same day, the council issued an Act of Independence and appointed Jose Agustin Arango, Federico Boyd and Tomas Arias as a Governing Committee to provisionally rule the new republic.

Thus it was practically a bloodless revolution, although there was some fighting in the outlying districts, and on January 15th, 1904 Dr. Guerrero was appointed President of the Republic and assumed his duties on Feb. 20th.

Meanwhile, on November 18th, 1903 the Canal treaty between Panama and the United States had been signed and on May 4th, 1904 active work commenced on this greatest of engineering feats.

Thus, in less than a year from the time when Colombia rejected the Herran-Hay treaty, the Panamanians had won their independence, had negotiated the Canal treaty and actually had seen the great work commenced,—truly no one could accuse them of the "mañana" habit in this instance!

Although the Panamanians were quite alive to the benefits, both financial and otherwise,

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which would accrue to them by the building of the Canal, yet it is doubtful if they, or any one else, realized the extent of such benefits or the far reaching effects of the Canal and their agreement with Uncle Sam, and it is certain that they did not realize how much they were giving on their part nor to what extent the treaty bound them hand and foot.

No doubt exists that, on the whole, Panama has gained by the Canal, but it is at times a bit galling to find oneself compelled to swallow pride and self-respect for one's own good. This is the case with Panama, for while the ten million dollars paid by the United States for its privileges was welcome to the newborn republic; while the tremendous commerce and undreamed of prosperity which it brought have been a Godsend to the people; while the sanitation and sanitary laws have resulted in incalculable benefits and while the presence of the Americans and American forces have protected Panama from internal strife and foreign aggression, yet her sovereignty has become little more than a name, her freedom of action has been sadly curtailed; there have been many abuses and unfair discriminations; she has been compelled to submit to many petty annoy-

ances and to the will of a great power and, among many of the more intelligent people, there is a feeling that Panama got the worst of the bargain.

On the other hand, had it not been for the Canal and the Americans it is doubtful if the Panamanians could have won their freedom,—at least without a long and bloody war,—and, had it been won, the Republic would have been unsettled, insecure and in dire financial straits, so that even if Panama did sell its birthright for a mess of pottage, as some Panamanians think, still that birthright without the pottage would have been of little value.

Much credit has been given to the Americans for carrying out the tremendous project at which the French had so signally failed, and while great credit is due them, yet it must not be forgotten that without the aid of the Panamanians the Canal would have been an impossibility at the time it was built.

So too, we should not forget the humble West Indian negroes, the thousands of dark-skinned laborers who toiled and strove and did the menial work and without whom our engineers, our wealth, our marvelous machinery, our vast resources, would have been of no avail.

And, strange as it may seem, the really important factor in the success of the herculean task,—the true, fundamental reason for our achievement, was one of the lowest forms of animal life,—a microscopic protozoan parasite of a certain species of mosquito!

For centuries the Isthmus had been a pest hole of death and disease, a hot bed of pernicious malaria, a veritable white man's grave.

In the construction of the Panama Railway the toll of human life was so great that it has been said (with little exaggeration) that a life was sacrificed for every tie laid. During the French efforts the death rate was even higher and, if one cares to see a startling illustration of the mortality of those days, one should visit the cemetery at Mount Hope where, in endless rows stretching far into the distance, close packed together and covering acres of ground, are the tiny, white crosses marking the resting places of those thousands sacrificed to the relentless greed of commerce.

But when the Americans took charge all this was changed. Scientists had learned of the source of malaria and yellow fever; their microscopic studies of the protozoan parasite of the mosquito had reached the stage where prac-

tical measures could be employed to destroy the insect germ carriers and stamp out the fevers, and the first things done were to clean up Panama and Colon; drain swamps and bogs; cover the stagnant waters with oil to destroy mosquito larvæ and prevent the insects from breeding.

And so successful were these methods, so thoroughly was sanitation carried out, that the Isthmian towns and the Zone were transformed as if by magic from pest holes to the most healthful spots in the tropics.

CHAPTER IV

PANAMA OF THE PRESENT

Panama and the Canal Zone. Government. Limits of Zone. Leased lands. Peculiarities of Panama. Points of the compass. A confusing country. Law and order. Cosmopolitan people. Panamanians. Character of people. Progressive element. Peons and their shortcomings. Need of roads. Interior towns. Fascinating spots.

One of the most perplexing puzzles to many visitors to Panama is the question of what is Panama and what is Canal Zone. Many people have an idea that the Americans control the entire Isthmus; others believe that only the Canal itself is under the United States Government; others cannot understand that Panama is a sovereign state with its own government and still others think that the cities of Panama and Colon are in the Zone.

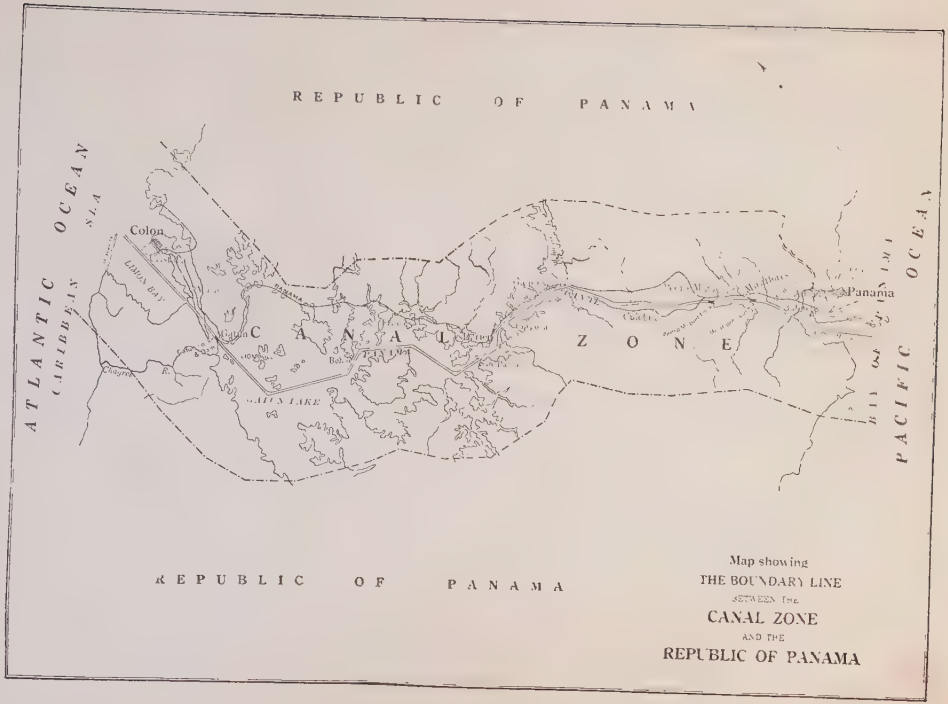
The Republic of Panama is composed of eight provinces or states known as Panama, Colon, Coclé, Los Santos, Herrera, Veraguas, Chiriqui and Bocas del Toro, each province having its own governor and provincial officials and the whole being governed by the President with his Cabinet and the National Assembly

(composed of delegates from the various provinces) in Panama City, the capital of the republic.

The American territory consists only of the Canal Zone,—a strip of land ten miles in width (five miles on either side of the Canal) across the Isthmus and passing through the provinces of Panama and Colon. Normally this area would include the cities of Panama and Colon, but special provisions were made in the treaty excepting these cities and a narrow strip of land, from the Zone in order that the cities might remain on Panamanian territory, and that their inhabitants might have ingress and egress without the necessity of passing through Zone territory.

Moreover, the Canal Zone was never granted but was merely leased to the United States, despite the fact that it is under American control and an American military governor, and that the United States declared sovereignty over it when the Taft Amendment expired.

Another cause of confusion arises from the fact that while the original treaty provided for the ten mile strip, a later treaty was entered into by which the United States was granted control of all land bordering the Zone up to


REPUBLIC OF PANAMA
ATLANTIC OCEAN
CARIBBEAN SEA
Colon
LIMON BAY
C A N A L Z O N E
GATUN LAKE
Panama
PACIFIC OCEAN
REPUBLIC OF PANAMA
Map showing
THE BOUNDARY LINE
BETWEEN THE
CANAL ZONE
AND THE
REPUBLIC OF PANAMA

the 100 foot level above the sea. This was done in order that the Zone authorities might control the sanitation on the borders of Gatun Lake and its tributary streams and also to provide for an increase in the size and height of the Lake should the necessity ever arise. As a result, the present boundaries of the Zone, along the 100 feet contour line, greatly exceed the five mile limit on either side. Between the limits of this contour line and the original boundaries the Zone government has certain limited powers.

In addition to all this, there were certain lands which were leased to the Panama Railway long before the Canal was projected and when, later, the railway was taken over by the United States, these properties came with it, but are not under the control or government of the Zone or the United States.

Thus, the Washington Hotel in Colon is maintained and operated by the government through the Commissary Department of the Panama Railway, but the land whereon it stands is Panamanian territory leased to the railway and not subject to United States control, laws or rules.

This will be better understood by referring

to the accompanying maps and the intending visitor to the Isthmus will do well to thoroughly familiarize himself with the matter for, with a bone-dry Zone and a decidedly wet Panama, one is likely to get into serious difficulties if not thoroughly conversant with the boundaries of the two.

For example, although liquor cannot be sold by the Washington Hotel,—it being a United States Government hotel,—yet, as it is in Panamanian territory and not subject to American laws, guests are at liberty to have their liquor in the hotel, to have it served in the dining room and even to have it kept in the hotel ice box until needed. But because this is so, it must not be assumed that the rule holds good at the other end of the Canal at the Hotel Tivoli, for this is a United States Government hotel on Canal Zone territory and woe to the innocent guest who attempts to possess or use liquors within its precints.

Although the youngest and one of the smallest of American republics, yet Panama is an extremely interesting and a tremendously rich country and, moreover, it has the distinction of possessing many unique features. It is the narrowest barrier between the two great oceans;

it is the connecting link between the two Americas and it is the only spot in the world where one may see the sun rise from the Pacific and set in the Atlantic.

While our geographies taught us that the Isthmus does not extend north and south, and while we have been told many times that the Canal does not run east and west, and even though we may have learned that Colon on the Atlantic coast is further west than Panama on the Pacific, yet the visitor to Panama invariably finds his sense of direction at a loss and becomes terribly twisted and confused as to the points of the compass.

Somehow, north and east never seem to be in the right place. One looks out from Colon upon the Caribbean and expects to see the sun rising in the morning and instead, sees it set there at night. One sees ships, bound for New York, headed in a direction which one feels should carry them to the coast of Colombia and it comes as a distinct shock to discover that Isthmian time and New York time are the same and that Panama is as far east as Buffalo or Toronto. In sailing from the Pacific terminus of the Canal for the Pacific ports of South America the vessel heads more west than south

while, if bound for Cartagena, one sails more to the north than the east.

It is even worse in the interior and the traveler feels that he must be taking leave of his senses when he sees the sun rising in gorgeous splendor above the serrated tips of the Cordilleras and when, a little later, he gains the coast and gazes at the moon lifting slowly from the Pacific, he feels that this indeed is topsy-turvy land. And almost as confusing and topsy-turvy to a stranger as are the points of the compass, are many of the other characters and features of Panama.

Here is a Latin American republic where revolutions and insurrections are unknown. Here is one of the little countries we are wont to associate with comic operas and fiction magazines, yet wherein peace and order reign and where laws and concessions are as secure and stable as our own. Here is a land of temperamental Latins where elections are held and officials elected without as much graft, and with less turbulent scenes, than in our own United States, and here is a country within a few hundred miles of the equator where it is never as hot as in New York in summer and where the death rate is lower than in most of our cities.

Truly a cosmopolitan country is Panama. Every color, creed and race is here; turbanned Hindus; Chinese, Japanese, Negro and Slav, Spaniard and Greek, Italian and Arab, German and Dane, Dutch and French, English and Egyptian, Turk and Armenian, Syrian and Russians; Stolid Indians and tow-headed Swedes; Americans by thousands and countless others of every imaginable mixture of all.

So numerous are the sons and daughters of other lands that the visitor wonders if there are any real Panamanians and he quite overlooks the fact that the term Panamanian covers a multitude of skins and that he may be white, black, yellow, or brown; he may be from the Orient or the Occident; he may be a slant-eyed Celestial or a kinky-haired negro, a silky-voiced Hindu or a bland-faced Hebrew, for here, on the Bridge of the World, have gathered men from the uttermost ends of the earth to settle down, marry and rear their families and to become citizens of Panama.

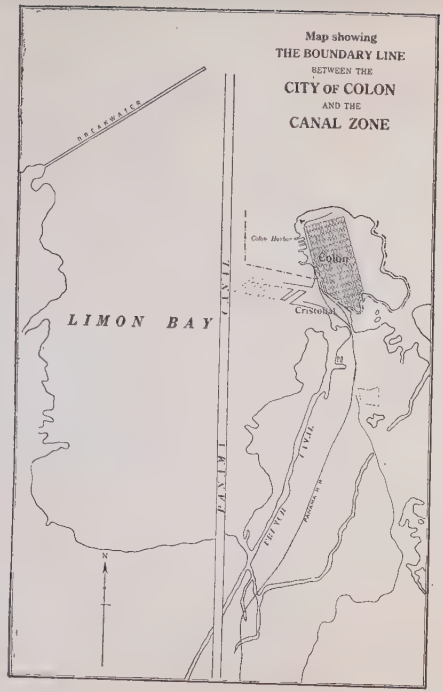
But in speaking of Panamanians as such, it is understood that one refers to the natives of Spanish, or mixed blood. And just as it is a veritable melting pot of nations so too it is a true democracy and a really free country. As

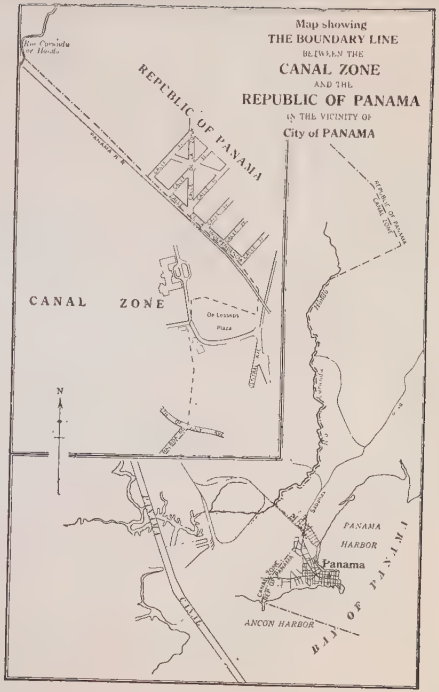
long as the stranger within the bounds of Panama obeys its laws, minds his own business and does not disturb the peace he is at liberty to ply his trade, go his way, live his life and manage his affairs as he sees fit without interference, molestation or discrimination.

The lowliest peon may become president (as has been done), the humblest tradesman may rise to the highest position, for no line is drawn at creed, color or station in life.

All too often, the American looks down upon the Panamanian, speaks contemptuously of him as a "Spigotty" or "Spig" and openly loathes and despises him. Of course the Panamanian has his faults and his shortcomings, as does every race, but because he is not of our blood, because his moral code is not ours, because he shows his common sense and his concessions to the tropics by taking life easily and never hurrying, is no excuse for condemning him outright.

Whether of low or high degree he is polite, courteous, artistic in temperament, passionately fond of music and poetry, romantic, gallant and intensely patriotic. To our minds he may be cruel, because he loves cock-fights and bull fights, he may be a gambler, because of the lottery, he may be a dozen things which we do


Map showing
THE BOUNDARY LINE
BETWEEN THE
CITY OF COLON
AND THE
CANAL ZONE
BREAKWATER
LIMON BAY
PANAMA CANAL
Colon Harbor
Colon
Cristobal
PANAMA R.R.
N


Map showing
THE BOUNDARY LINE
BETWEEN THE
CANAL ZONE
AND THE
REPUBLIC OF PANAMA
IN THE VICINITY OF
City of PANAMA
REPUBLIC OF PANAMA
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PANAMA R.R.
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PANAMA HARBOR
ANCON HARBOR
BAY OF PANAMA
N

not approve, but he is seldom or never turbulent or rowdyish. It is a rare thing indeed to see him intoxicated in public, he has the manners of a grandee and he is fonder of a baseball match, a horse race or a boxing match than of a bull fight.

Unfortunately for Panama the great failing of the Panamanian is that he is not a builder, a manufacturer, a colonizer, a merchant or a developer. And when I say Panamanian in this connection I refer to the Panamanian of Spanish or partly Spanish blood, the Panamanian of a long line of ancestors of native birth.

Very little of the business of the Republic is in the hands of true Panamanians; the majority of the merchants are Hindus, Chinese, Syrians, Italians, French, Spaniards or Hebrews; the big commission merchants are largely of foreign birth or descent; the industries and manufactures are principally handled by Americans and the intelligent class of native sons fill government positions, practice law, medicine or dentistry or are civil engineers, accountants or professional men in other lines. Those born in the outlying district gravitate to the cities, as do our own country bred youths, and, as a

result, the country is backward, undeveloped and unproductive while the cities are crowded with young men who devote all their spare time,—and they have an abundance of it,—and most of their energies to dressing "Broadway style" and being real "sports."

As a result, many of the interior towns, which were formerly prosperous, have degenerated and are now merely pathetic relics of their former greatness with their houses and buildings tumbling about their owners' 'ears; the surrounding estates and farms overgrown with bush and neglected; the people poverty stricken and without ambition, for with the disappearance of the old and almost feudal order of things and the migration of the scions of the prominent families to the cities, the peons drop back into primitive conditions and do just enough work to keep soul and body together.

It is not the Government's fault, but an economic condition brought about through influences extending back to the old colonial days and before. The various Presidents have, as a rule, been progressive and constructive men and have had the well-being of their country at heart. The Cabinets have usually included men as progressive and modern as any in the

Republic. The Board of Education, now under Doctor Mendez Porras, has done marvelous work and has established schools throughout the country. The Rockefeller Foundation has carried on a far-reaching and beneficent work in the cure of Hookworm; but all to little avail, for the peon, white, black or brown, goes his way and lives his hand to mouth life with no attempt or effort to better himself or his country.

Many have brought forth the argument that the lack of enterprise and industry in the interior are due to the lack of transportation and the claim is made that, with good roads and accessible markets, the country people would buck up and make the desert blossom like the famous rose, and with this end in view good roads are being projected and built throughout the country.

But I doubt if these alone will produce any noticeable improvement without the introduction of farmers, planters, cattlemen and craftsmen from abroad, for the real trouble is that the average Panamanian of the interior is a decadent, lazy, ambitionless character of weak physique and in most cases so badly nourished and so afflicted with Hookworm that he has not

the power, the ability or the ambition to become a producer.

His ancestors were Indian, Moorish or Negro slaves and indolent Spanish adventurers. For centuries he was a "peon" in fact as well as in name. He was kept subservient, downtrodden and ignorant by the rich owners of vast estates and he has become, through generations, so accustomed to living in a hovel and subsisting on the coarsest and most easily cultivated foods that he cannot rise and do better.

But with education and freedom, with the example of others, with something to look forward to, and under present day conditions, the coming generation of the peon classes will no doubt improve. And, if once the hard working, industrious, physically strong natives of the farmlands of Southern Europe can be induced to emigrate to Panama, the future of the country's prosperity will be assured.

Even as it is, the splendid roads which are planned will, when completed, prove of tremendous benefit, not only to the people of the interior but to the cities. It seems ridiculous to find the shops and markets of Colon and Panama selling imported oranges, grape fruit, lemons, potatoes, onions and other garden truck

and produce when the finest oranges one could wish are rotting on the ground in Veraguas; when every vegetable of the temperate zone may be raised to perfection in the highlands of Chiriqui, Coclé or Veraguas and with lemons and limes fairly breaking the branches of the trees in forgotten estates half overgrown with jungle. So too, with fresh laid eggs selling for a few cents a dozen in the interior the markets of the cities sell cold storage eggs from the States at nearly a dollar a dozen, and scrawny chickens bring a dollar or two each in the markets while plump fowls go begging at fifty cents and turkeys are a drug on the market at two dollars in the interior.

So, even if the natives do not buck up and avail themselves of the advantages of good roads the city dwellers will at least be able to go foraging and secure good food at reasonable prices while, no doubt, many families will forsake the larger towns and will make homes in the country, all of which will tend to increase prosperity, progress and development.

It must not be supposed however, that what I have said in the preceding paragraphs can be applied to *all* the Panamanians of the interior. In many of the towns and cities are in-

telligent, well to do, industrious men. Many of the interior towns are quite thriving and busy, despite their inaccessibility, and my remarks only apply to the bulk of the population of the interior,—the so-called peon class of small farmers, the poverty stricken squatters and the denizens of the smaller villages.

One great mistake made by visitors to Panama is that they assume that there are no towns aside from Colon and Panama. While there are no large cities and nothing to compare to the two terminals of the railway, still there are a number of towns worthy of the name. Such places as Agua Dulce, Santiago de Veraguas, Davíd, Penonome, Coclé and many others are interesting, fairly prosperous and boast a number of excellent buildings while some of them have a population of nearly ten thousand inhabitants.

But the great majority of interior towns are mere villages of thatched mud huts, ill-kept streets, miserable shops and perhaps a crumbling old church. Despite this, however, the country is interesting and many of these interior towns and villages are fascinating in their history and romance as they date back to the

early Spanish days or even to the time of the Conquest.

There is Natá, which lays claim to being the oldest inhabited town on the continent, having been founded in 1520; and probably the oldest occupied building on the continent. Santiago founded in 1521 and once the center of the richest gold district in the world; San Francisco with its ancient church built in 1522, Santa Fe, ancient and somnambulent in the lap of the towering Cordilleras; and many another, not to mention the quaint little towns where time has stood still and where the people still live and dress as did their ancestors four centuries ago. Here we find people using the old "cross" money and silver or brass stirrups of the grandees and treasuring the ancient swords and bits of armor worn by the first hidalgoes who penetrated the interior and carved their way by fire and sword.

And if one be fond of adventure and novel experiences, of hunting or fishing, of visiting out of the world spots, there are the Indians of Darien living the same primitive savage life as did their forbears when Balboa made his famed trip and first looked forth upon the broad Pacific.

To all who are fond of the unique, the little known, the picturesque and the out of doors, a trip or two through the interior will prove of the greatest interest and delight; but there is much of interest, of romantic and historic association and of value to be seen in and about the cities of Colon and Panama.

CHAPTER V

THE FRONT DOOR TO THE ISTHMUS

First sight of Isthmus. Arriving at Cristobal. Colon and Cristobal. First impressions. Colon in the making. A childish quarrel. Colon of the past. Colon of today. Streets and street scenes. Shops and life. Shopping. Buildings, Santurce.

The front door to the Isthmus, and to the Canal as well, is Cristobal, and the traveler, approaching from the Atlantic, is apt to be somewhat disappointed as the land unfolds before him.

For many hours the ship steams along the coast, with interminable green mountains rising from the sea and sweeping back in an endless succession of purple, blue, and lavender peaks, unbroken by clearing, settlement or hut, until the entrance to Porto Bello's harbor is passed and one glimpses the buildings of the town among the greenery.

Then the mountains recede; scattered hills replace the lofty ranges; the land becomes low and flat, and presently, we see the slender, wire-

less towers rising above a smoky, hazy, irregular sky line which marks the opening of the Canal and the cities of Cristobal and Colon.

A few moments later and the huge breakwaters detach themselves from the background; the immense dirigible sheds and hangars of Coco Solo and Fort Randolph become visible; the big Hotel Washington looms above its palm trees; Toro Point and its lighthouse are distinguishable to the right and, beyond the breakwaters and the Washington, we see the tips of masts, the smoking tops of funnels and the black, skeleton-like derricks of the coaling plant at Mindi.

The ship slips at half speed between the eastern and western breakwaters and enters Limon Bay; two spotless, white launches come speeding and dancing towards us,—one bearing the yellow flag of the quarantine officers, the other the "P. C." of the Port Captain's department and, a moment later, the officious looking officers of Uncle Sam are aboard. Then, as is always the case when entering a foreign port, a steward with an impish grin shouts "All passengers in the dining saloon," and cooped there, replying to the questions of the officials, we

remain, missing all the interest and excitement of watching strange scenes as we approach the docks until, at last, having satisfied the representatives of our country that we are neither afflicted with contagious diseases, nor are anarchists, nor Bolsheviks, nor criminals, nor otherwise objectionable characters, we are graciously permitted to go on deck in time to see the ship warped into the docks.

But, truth to tell, the visitor to Panama misses little by this, for there is little of interest to see in entering Colon harbor. Indeed, the most interesting sights are the enormous piers of iron and concrete,—nine in number—which line the eastern side of the harbor and beside which are moored steamers flying a score of different flags.

Less than a decade ago this was a mud flat, unspeakably filthy and odorous; but at the touch of the magic wand of United States gold and American engineers it has been transformed into a water-front with few equals in the world as regards modern docking facilities.

Beyond the docks, palm trees rustle in the trade wind; rows of flimsy, wooden buildings, —with here and there a concrete structure,—

mark the City of Colon, while, nearer at hand, are the tightly-screened quarters and the imposing concrete buildings of Cristobal.

And before going further it may be well to explain the difference between Cristobal and Colon and to make clear where one begins and the other ends. Cristobal is the Canal Zone town and Atlantic terminus of the Canal and all ships stopping here must of necessity tie up at the Cristobal docks. As this is United States territory many travelers feel peeved at finding they must submit to an examination of their baggage by United States Customs officers, for they cannot understand why American citizens from a United States port should be subject to this annoyance when entering American territory.

But the Customs examination at Cristobal is not carried out for the United States but for Panama, the American government being responsible to the Panamanian Government for the collection of duties and the examination of baggage entering the Isthmus through Cristobal. A moment's consideration will make clear how important this is, for, with no ports of entry of their own, and with all freights and passengers entering their country through

Canal Zone ports, the Panamanians could never collect duties nor prevent smuggling without the aid and coöperation of the United States officials.

In a way it is a most peculiar condition of affairs and absolutely unique, for here is a country depending almost entirely upon commerce and yet without a port of entry or a pier where steamers may dock and discharge cargoes and passengers, the only vessels entering or leaving Panamanian ports being the small coasting schooners and sloops and a few erratic coastwise steamers and launches.

Broadly speaking, the boundary line between Cristobal and Colon (the Panamanian town) is the railway and when one crosses the railway tracks one passes from American into Panamanian territory or vice-versa. But there are certain exceptions to this. Thus, the Strangers Club, although on the Cristobal side of the railway, is in Panamanian territory as are also the piers and customs house of the Panamanian Government where the small vessels dock.

So too, the Commissary buildings of the Canal are on the Colon side of the tracks, as are the Colon hospital, a number of residences and employees' quarters, the quarantine station, the

Hotel Washington and other buildings of the Zone, so that the stranger is constantly at a loss as to whether he is on American or Panamanian territory. But this need cause little concern, for in all the instances cited the land itself is Panamanian and it is a very easy matter for one to determine whether he is on the Zone or in Panama merely by noticing whether the police are the white Zone officers or the brown, yellow or black Panamanian policemen.

As there are no hotels or stopping places in Cristobal and as no one, save employees of the Canal or the United States Government and certain agents of steamship lines, is permitted to dwell in the town, the traveler must of necessity go to Colon, and if he desires decent accommodations and service he will inevitably go to the Washington.

Hence, as he is driven by motor car or by one of the ramshackle, but really most convenient and comfortable, vehicles, known as "Cochés" or "Carimettas" from the dock to the Hotel, he will see but little of Cristobal and will get a very meager and usually discouraging idea of Colon.

Colon really is not a bad city and there are

many interesting features about it and its environs. The town has a rather peculiar and interesting history too, for it is a "new" town having been founded in 1850 when the Panama Railway was built and its existence is wholly due to the railway and to the Americans.

When the railway was first projected the only port on the Atlantic side of any importance was Porto Bello and as the railway engineers decided to begin the road at Limon Bay, and as there was no town there for a terminus, a city had to be built to suit the railway.

It is not unusual for towns and cities to spring up and grow prosperous along railway routes, but I doubt if there is another instance on record of a town being created and built in order to provide a starting point for a railway. When the engineers decided to build Colon the site selected was a small island,—a mere swampy jungle of dense mangroves, thorny brush and tangled vines,—and during the work of clearing and building, the engineers and their laborers were compelled to dwell in vessels moored in the shallow water near by.

It was a tremendous undertaking,—a real man's job—to transform this swampy islet into a town. Upon the muddy shores great alliga-

tors basked in the sun, herons, egrets and water fowl flocked about its stagnant pools and nested in the mangroves; moccasins and other serpents lurked amid the gnarled and twisted tree trunks and, everywhere, the malarial and yellow-fever carrying mosquitoes swarmed in countless millions. No one but a "crazy Yankee," as the natives call us, would have conceived the idea and yet, almost in a night, the little, worthless bit of mud became a busy town,—a town of flimsy wooden shacks and workshops it is true, but a town of several thousand inhabitants and with a transcontinental railway making it its terminus.

And then came one of the queerest and most laughable incidents in the annals of our history, —an example of such petty squabbling and such child-like retaliation between two governments as to seem incredible and merely a bit of comic opera. To perpetuate the name and fame of Aspinwall, who fathered the railway, the Americans christened the new town Aspinwall while, to keep green the name of the great discoverer and not because they put coal on the ships here, the Colombians called it Colon, and as neither government would give in, a deadlock resulted.

To Americans there was no such town as

Colon and equally, to the Colombians, the town of Aspinwall was non-existent. Then the United States Government decided on drastic measures and refused to accept or deliver mail addressed to Colon, claiming that no such city or town was on the map, and Colombia, not to be outdone, refused to deliver mail received at the Post Office and addressed to Aspinwall; but promptly returned it to its senders.

It was the old childish "you can't play in my yard" carried on by the two nations until, at last,—possession being nine points of the law and Colombia holding the odds,—our Government gave in; the name of Aspinwall was dropped and Colon it has been ever since.

Colon of to-day is a very different city from the Colon of the early railway building days, or even of the French days or the period of building the Canal. Then it was a sordid, disease-ridden, filthy town; a resort of the worst and toughest men and equally bad women of all nations. A town of unspeakable crimes and iniquitous dens; of gambling places and saloons; of disreputable houses and dance halls where rowdyism and licentiousness held full sway; where robbery and murder were of hourly occurrence and where every man carried the law

in his hip pocket or his belt. Time and again the flimsy, wooden town has been swept by fire,—which was a blessing,—and each time it has been rebuilt in the same flimsy manner with its rickety, wooden, negro tenements packed close together,—a veritable fire trap and a temptation to the flames,—until the last conflagration, since when a number of excellent concrete buildings have been erected and no new wooden edifices are allowed.

And gradually the town has changed in character and in reputation. With the completion of the railway, and later with the finishing of the Canal, the rough, tough element has drifted away; the soldiers of fortune, the professional gamblers, the thugs and the bad men have been killed off or have moved to better fields for their talents. The town has been cleaned and sanitized by the Americans; its streets have been paved; law and order have been enforced; it is policed with the Panamanians as well as by the Military Police and Naval Patrols of Uncle Sam; the gambling dens, or at least the visible ones, have been closed up and while there is vice aplenty within its confines,—as there must be wherever there is a floating population of sailors, soldiers and bluejackets,—yet it can

no longer claim to be the "wickedest city in America." Life and property are as safe, or safer, than in any North American town of its size, its wickedness is kept well in the background in a restricted district and its death rate is lower than in many of our own cities.

Colon being a modern town has nothing of historic interest and there are very few noteworthy buildings. Even these, such as the Municipal Building, the Masonic Building and one or two others are so surrounded by the miserable, flimsy, wooden tenements and small negro shops that they appear to great disadvantage. There is a pretty Plaza or park known as Silfer Park, extending for several blocks, there are two fairly good motion picture theaters, a number of cabarets, a superabundance of saloons, and shops innumerable. Indeed, the stranger wonders how so many stores can survive in a town of Colon's size, for it seems as if there must be a shop for every man, woman and child in the city.

The city is laid out in regular squares with the streets running from the railway, and approximately east and west, numbered, and with the streets running from north to south named and lettered. Unfortunately, there are

no signs or labels on the streets, so that the stranger never can tell where he is until he stops and counts the streets. Moreover, there is a deal of confusion owing to the fact that the Panamanians have their own Spanish names for the thoroughfares; but recently, the mayor has announced that the streets are all to be labelled with their American names and numbers.

Nearest to the railway track, and running parallel to it, is Front Street which is the street most familiar to all visitors and, in fact, one may obtain a very good idea of Colon, of its inhabitants and of the contents of its stores by confining oneself to this street.

It is here that we find the numerous Oriental shops filled with Chinese, Japanese and East Indian goods, native curios and souvenirs. In these shops, kept by Hindus and Chinese, you may obtain wonderful silks, kimonos, carved ivories, jades, embroideries, etc., and, if you know the ropes, you can obtain them at bargain prices. But to do this you must be prepared to haggle, browbeat and bicker, for the oily-tongued, meek-eyed Hindu and the bland, almond-eyed Chinaman are very sharp, shrewd

business men and keen judges of human nature and they can tell at a glance whether you are a stranger to be fleeced or a resident familiar with their ways and means, and with a knowledge of what their goods are really worth. Although you may beat them down to one half the price they ask or even less, still you will find there is a limit below which they will not go and if you wander from shop to shop endeavoring to get a better bargain you will discover that the same figure marks the low-water price in every shop for, despite their protestations of independence and of competition, the Hindus and Chinese each have their own "trust" or society by which the rock bottom price for every article is fixed and agreed upon.

Here on Front Street too, are the principal book stores, the largest of the department stores, the only respectable cabarets and the Panama hat stores with a goodly sprinkling of shops of various kinds. As in the case of the Oriental stores, the sellers of Panama hats,—which are not made in Panama but in Colombia, Peru and Ecuador,—will charge the stranger two or three times what the hats are really worth and all but a few of them will

endeavor to palm off inferior Colombian or Peruvian hats for the genuine Panamas from the Monte Cristi district of Ecuador.

While it is a very simple matter to distinguish a genuine Ecuador hat from the Colombian or Peruvian articles,—owing to the fact that the Ecuadoreans start their hats with a circular weave in the center of the crown, whereas the others start theirs with a square or squarish weave,—yet there are so many details upon which the value of a hat depends that it is unwise for the novice to purchase an expensive hat unless accompanied by some one who is a judge of Panamas.

The stranger also should be careful to ask if the prices quoted are "silver" or "gold," the former being the price in Panamanian "pesos," equivalent to fifty cents of our money, while the "gold" price means in United States currency. Ofttimes the store keeper will quote a silver price in hopes that the stranger will pay the amount in dollars, and you may be quite sure that the smaller shop keepers will not disillusionize you if you make this mistake. Formerly every shop and store quoted both the gold and silver prices, but since the Panamanian cur-

rency, (with the exception of a few two-and-one-half and five cent pieces) has been withdrawn from circulation, all the better shops quote gold prices only.

Back of Front Street is Bottle Alley, or as it is now called, Market Street, a narrow thoroughfare with two or three blocks of its length so given over to cheap cafés, cabarets and saloons as to well merit its best known name, while, beyond, and extending through to Bolivar Street is the big public market which is well worth a visit on one morning at least.

Bolivar Street is without doubt the best of all thoroughfares in Colon for it is wide, well paved and straight and is bordered by more substantial buildings than any other street in the city. Unfortunately, however, these good buildings are sandwiched in between eyesores of wooden tenements and tiny, malodorous holes in the wall where repulsive-looking viands, cheap fruits, cane juice and charcoal are sold to the poorer classes of negroes, while slatternly negresses lean over the rails of the tiers of tenement balconies or bend over washtubs in alleyways reeking of suds, and naked children scamper about or play in the gutters.

Indeed, this odd juxtaposition of the best and the worst, of the well-to-do and the pauper, of rickety, many-storied negro tenements and substantial, concrete, commercial buildings, is one of the most striking features of Colon.

Driving to the Washington, with its lovely grounds and impressive appearance, one passes through a section which is devoted solely to the negroes and the stranger feels that he must be in a black republic; but neither Colon nor the country should be judged too hastily by what one sees during the first few hours or days of one's stay in Panama.

It must be borne in mind that Colon was built for the railway and owes its existence to that and the canal and that a very large portion of its population consists of the negro laborers and their families, and these dwell mainly along the streets that the casual visitor most frequently sees. But there are many well-to-do persons dwelling in Colon, many Europeans and Americans, as well as Panamanians, Chinese and scores of other races and, on the back streets bordering the new suburb of Santurce, are many attractive homes with well-kept grounds and gardens.

Santurce itself is very new, having been built within the past two years on made land which was once mud flats and it is rapidly being built up.

Adjoining it, and extending to pretty Manzanillo Bay, is New Cristobal, also on new-made land, and there is no pleasanter drive about Colon than that from the Hotel Washington, around the shore and through New Cristobal with Coco Solo, Fort Randolph and France Field across the blue bay and with the soft, hazy-blue mountains in the distant background. For those fond of sea bathing the beach at New Cristobal will prove a most delightful spot. The water is clear as crystal and caressingly warm, with a white, sandy bottom and with such a gradual slope that one may walk out for nearly a quarter of a mile without being beyond one's depth.

CHAPTER VI

ROUND AND ABOUT COLON

Scenes along the road. Advantages of Atlantic side. Roads about Colon. The road to Gatun. Road to Fort Randolph. Gatun and the Chagres. Fort San Lorenzo. Porto Bello.

In many ways the Atlantic terminus of the Canal is preferable to the Pacific side and, many visitors, after they have visited both and have seen the sights, decide upon Colon as a place of residence if they remain long on the Isthmus.

To be sure, there is much more of interest and much more of the quaint and foreign atmosphere at Panama City; but the climate of Colon is better during the dry season, the Hotel is superior and, for those fond of out-of-door sports, Colon is more convenient.

But in one respect the Atlantic side cannot compare with the Pacific. and that is the roads. At Panama there are several roads leading from the city to the outlying districts, the drives in town are numerous and total many miles, and it is possible to travel for two hundred miles into the interior by motor car. But

at Colon the visitor has only a single road leading out of the city and this only a few miles in length. However, it is so smooth and well kept and so interesting that no visitor should fail to go over it at least once.

This road, which is really an extension of Bolivar Street, leads to Gatun, while a branch extends to Fort Randolph. From the time one leaves the center of the city behind there is ever something of interest to be seen along this drive.

Just beyond the Commissary Restaurant, are the buildings of the supply department of the Canal Zone and a little farther on, the Silver Clubhouse, or Clubhouse for the colored employees of the Zone for, in Canal parlance, all Zone workers are divided into two classes,—gold and silver,—the gold employees being the whites and the silver employees the colored.

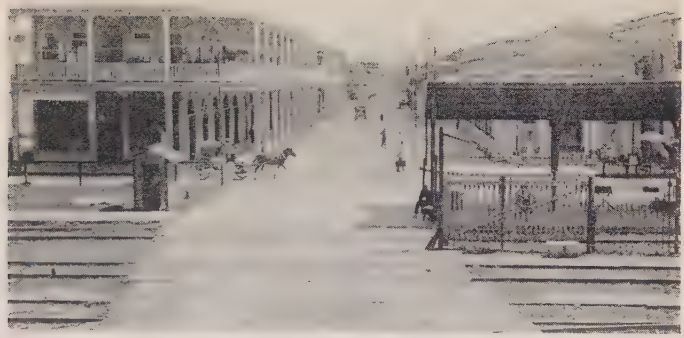
The road then passes through Silver City, as the district given over to the quarters of the silver employees is called. Then the ball field is passed on the left of the road, with the Cristobal shops and dry docks on the right. The Canal Zone printing plant is just beyond, with the Mount Hope railway station beside the road and the immense cold storage plant of the Zone off to the left. Then Mount Hope Ceme-

tery is reached and the drive swings to the left around the beautifully-kept filtration plant of the Cristobal water supply while, on the surrounding hills, are the immense oil tanks of various steamship and oil companies with the oil pumping station embowered amid trees and shrubbery beside the road.

For some distance beyond here, the road is bordered by tropical verdure until it crosses Alligator Creek and the old French Canal route. Here the road forks,—the left-hand branch extending to Fort Randolph and the right to Gatun. The latter road runs through very pretty country and affords an excellent idea of many of the more notable forms of Panamanian flora, with charming glimpses of the stream mirroring its bordering palms.

Mindi Dairy, with its sleek cattle, is passed on the left and soon afterwards, Fort Davis is reached. This is a new military post and with its splendid concrete barracks, officers' quarters and other buildings is an excellent illustration of the commodious and up to-date accommodations provided for our soldiers on the Zone.

From Fort Davis, the way leads through the old military post of Gatun, and climbing rolling hills of flaming red set off by the intense green



SEVENTH STREET, COLON, FROM STRANGER'S CLUB

BONGOS IN PANAMA HARBOUR (THESE BOATS ARE ALL MADE FROM HOLLOWED OUT LOGS)

of tropic vegetation, enters the neat little town of Gatun, crosses the railway bridge and ends at the Gatun railway station beside the stupendous locks.

If one desires, the locks may be visited and inspected, or a trip may be taken to the gigantic spillway.

On the return trip, one should follow the other branch of the road to Fort Randolph. This road runs beside the railway and mostly across flat land which was formerly a vast swamp.

Indeed, much of it, and especially the portion on the right of the road, is still swamp, but it is being drained and reclaimed; the stagnant water has been covered with crude oil to destroy mosquitoes and in a few years it will all be made land.

France Field, the military air station, Coco Solo, the naval submarine base and naval air station, and Fort Randolph are all interesting as examples of the powerful defense system of the Canal, while the view across the bay to New Cristobal and Colon is very attractive.

Another interesting short trip is to cross Colon harbor by the Quartermaster's steamer from Fort DeLesseps pier,—a few steps from the Washington,—to Fort Sherman and Toro

Point. From Fort Sherman one may go to Fort San Lorenzo; but it is far easier to visit these historic ruins by means of a launch from Gatun, a trip that carries one down the famous Chagres and affords an opportunity for tarpon fishing and a possible shot at an alligator en route.

To all visitors to the Isthmus, who are fond of historic and romantic spots, Fort San Lorenzo and Porto Bello will prove most interesting, for there are few places in Latin America so intimately associated with the romance and history of the days when Don and Buccaneer struggled and fought about the shores of the Spanish Main.

San Lorenzo, once considered impregnable by the Spaniards, is still in a very good state of preservation and as the jungle and brush have been cleared away the visitor may trace all the ancient works.

Frowning down upon the shimmering Chagres, with its palm fringed shores, the ancient citadel seems dreaming of those far-off days when Morgan and his rovers swarmed up the slopes and Spaniard and Briton met in mortal combat.

The once deep moat is dry and partly filled

with brush and is spanned by a single plank in place of drawbridge; but the quaint, lantern-like sentry boxes are as good as in the days of the buccaneers; the massive walls show little effect of the passing centuries, and many of the old guns still lie beside the embrasures from which they once belched forth their messages of death. Standing here to-day, with the quiet of the jungle about, the bright sun streaming down and jewel-eyed lizards scuttling over the ornate cannon, it is hard to believe that once these walls echoed to the roar of guns, the clash of cutlass and halberd, the shouts of St. George and St. Jago and the groans and screams of wounded and of dying men.

Descending the narrow stone stairway one comes to the old parade, with great piles of rusting round shot and bomb shells, while beyond, are the arched tunnel-like, underground barracks. Here too, is the immense stone water tank and in one corner the dank, black dungeons wherein shackles, leg irons and ponderous steel collars still speak grimly of prisoners who once rotted within.

One may wander for hours about the old fortress and still find new interests and, if so minded, one may dig among the crumbling

débris and perchance find relics such as coins, buttons or gunflints.

It is all very fascinating, very romantic and it carries one back through the centuries to stand within these ancient, battered walls; but, truth to tell, very little of the fortress of Morgan's time remains. Since the day when the pirates took the place and put the garrison to the sword without mercy, old San Lorenzo has been rebuilt many times. First, after Morgan's departure when it was regarrisoned and held its own for many years; again when, in the wars of Independence, it was strengthened and enlarged and still later, during the gold rush to California when the ancient citadel served both as a fort and as a customs house.

A few of the old Spanish cannon of Morgan's days are still here and bits of the original masonry are still preserved; but the majority of the guns, the shells and shot and the masonry of rubble and brick date from comparatively recent years,—probably from about 1845,—but this takes nothing from the historical interest of what was once one of Spain's most important fortifications in the New World.

Far different from San Lorenzo are the ruins of old Porto Bello. To reach Porto Bello one

must travel from Colon by launch, but the trip is well worth while. Much of the attractiveness of Porto Bello is lost by the huddle of miserable shanties and the unkempt streets of the native village which crowds the majestic old ruins. During the construction of the Canal vast quantities of rock were quarried from the hills about Porto Bello, to be used in building the breakwaters, and the bare scars left in the greenery of the hillsides, and the remains of the laborers' quarters, the workshops, etc., seem out of place and jar upon one's imagination as one stands here in the old castle that once guarded the famed Gold Road and defied the powers of the world, but fell to the reckless buccaneers.

The ruins, as a whole, are in a good state of preservation and one may trace the foundations of the old town, the quarters and many buildings which have disappeared, although Fort San Jerome, the chapel, the barracks, the commandant's house and several other buildings still stand,—solidly built of stone and nearly as strong as in the days of Drake and Morgan.

But the glory of Porto Bello has departed. Once the richest of cities in the New World, with countless fortunes in gold, silver and precious stones stored within its vaults and await-

ing shipment to Spain, it is now merely an ill-kept, unattractive village.

The old Gold Road, over which passed endless trains of treasure-laden mules, groaning slaves and mail-clad Dons, is now overgrown with forest and much of it lost, hidden and buried, no one knows where, within the jungle.

The splendid harbor, that once sheltered many a stately galleon and proud frigate of Spain, now shimmers in the sun with only a dingy fishing boat or native dugout to mar its glassy surface.

Where once the gaudy banners of Castile and Leon snapped bravely in the trade wind, the fronds of palm trees rustle sleepily in the breeze and, over the spot where the bones of Drake lie fathoms deep beneath the waves, the frigate birds sail in never-ending circles on motionless wings.

Perchance the day may yet come when Porto Bello will once more become a famous port; great wharves and docks may yet line its shores and the drowsy village may yet awaken and become a great city, for the country round about is rich and fertile, its forests abound in timber and its hills hide stores of mineral wealth, while its harbor is one of the best on the Caribbean.

But the chances are that such prosperity will never come, for the doom of Porto Bello was spelled when Colon came into being and the Panama Railway passed it by.

CHAPTER VII

CRISTOBAL AND THE CANAL ZONE

Cristobal. Sights and scenes. Life in the Canal Zone. Status of employees. A military despotism. False economy. Rules and regulations. Unique social life in the Zone.

Far more attractive and interesting than Colon is the Canal Zone town of Cristobal with its palm-shaded, asphalt drives, its Clubhouse, its Commissary Restaurant and its many fine buildings. Crossing the railway tracks from Colon, one seems to enter another country, for here life is typically American. While Colon is really more of an American than a Spanish town in many ways, and while the English language is spoken by practically every one, yet the people and their life and customs are distinctly foreign.

Here in Cristobal, however, we find an old friend in the shape of a fire engine house with its spick and span motor-driven truck, chemical, hose-wagon and engine and with fire laddies in familiar blue shirts and uniforms seated in the

same familiar way in the same old chairs and gossiping in the same old manner as in any town in the States. Here too, is the Post Office; opposite it are the magnificent buildings of the Royal Mail, Dutch, French and Italian steamship lines with the immense Terminal Building and Panama Railway offices beyond.

A few rods from the Post Office is the Commissary Restaurant where the best of food may be obtained at prices about one third those charged at the hotels. Many visitors to the Isthmus have the impression that these Commissary Restaurants (there are others at Ancon, Balboa, Gatun and Pedro Miguel), are solely for the benefit of Canal Zone employees as are the Commissaries. This is a great mistake. The restaurants are leased to private citizens and are operated by them for the benefit of the public like any other restaurants.

Opposite the restaurant is the Canal Zone clubhouse, which is also open to all, and where one may purchase cigars, cigarettes, souvenirs, ice cream, sodas and magazines, and may even secure a light lunch, and where there are billiard and pool tables, bowling alleys and files of the latest magazines and newspapers from the States.

Everywhere, too, are the green and white, mosquito screened quarters of the Zone employees, and the visitor begins to think that to be an employee of the Canal Zone must be an ideal life.

Formerly this was not far from the truth for the Zone employees had practically every want and desire furnished free of cost. All he or she had to pay for were clothes, food and amusements. But the employees did not know when they were well off and, like employees nearly everywhere, demanded more wages.

As a result, many of the former perquisites were taken away. Today the Zone employee pays rent for his quarters,—though the rents are ridiculously low, and he is compelled to look after his own house, his lawns and ground and to pay for many things which were free before.

But he still has the Commissaries where he may purchase food, clothing, supplies, hardware and practically everything he may require at approximately the cost prices in the United States, and often below the prices charged for the same goods at home.

Unfortunately, this curtailment of former privileges has caused regrettable deterioration

in the upkeep of the Zone and has led to slackness and, in many cases a menace to health. Lawns are unkempt and full of weeds, streets and paths are littered with trash, screens are out of repair and full of holes and houses are badly kept and dingy for want of paint. This condition is not, however, due entirely to the employees. Our government, in one of its fits of economizing, sent a commission to investigate expenditures and economic conditions in the Canal Zone.

No doubt there were and are still, a thousand and one extravagances there, but the commission overlooked many of these, and, among other conclusions, decided that too much was being spent on sanitation and health.

Indeed, they reported that one trouble with the Zone was that it was too healthful; that the percentage of deaths was too low,—which was in their mind economically wrong, and that, to put the Zone on a par with life and conditions elsewhere, there should be a higher death rate!

As a result, many of the safeguards of health, rigidly enforced before, were abrogated or curtailed. Today mosquitos are a nuisance where, a few years ago, there were none. Dengue fever is prevalent. Many of the pools of stagnant

water are not oiled. Screens, even in the Tivoli Hotel, are out of repair, and mosquitos, insects and even bats find no difficulty in entering, while the streets, formerly cleaned by huge vacuum street cleaning machines, are kept far from spotless by negro street cleaners equipped with nothing more modern than wheelbarrows.

It is a most shortsighted policy, for while at present, yellow fever and other dread diseases of the tropics are, fortunately, unknown in Panama, the place would be swept by an epidemic once it got a foothold. A single case of yellow fever or bubonic plague, a single infected mosquito, might transform Panama and the Canal Zone to the pesthouse it was in pre-Canal days.

The average visitor to the Isthmus rarely notices such matters, for, in comparison to other tropical countries the Zone, and Panama, too, is a revelation. And, as in the case of the lives of the employees, few strangers have the time, opportunity or inclination to look beneath the surface or to investigate conditions. But do not be deluded into the idea that the life of a Canal Zone employee is all "beer and skittles," as the saying goes. He is little more than a cog in a wheel, a bit

of well oiled smooth working machinery. The Zone is in effect an absolute despotism with the Governor supreme, and the private individual scarcely has a will of his own or the right to think or live as he chooses. He may be discharged at a moment's notice and without reason; he may be deported at will; he must live where he is told and as the regulations require, and he has no voice in the laws made or enforced; no say as to who is appointed to rule over him; no redress or comeback.

On the other hand, from the point of view of such an enormous organization as the Panama Canal, strict laws and rigid rules are essential.

To function at all, such an undertaking must be carried on along almost military lines, and individual liberty must, to a certain extent, be sacrificed for the sake of the whole. Moreover, it obviously would be impossible to give heed to personal and petty complaints; to make certain concessions to one and not to another. A big corporation is not supposed to have a soul or to possess sentiment, and the Panama Canal and its thousand and one attendant businesses and ramifications is a most gigantic corporation.

Unquestionably many injustices are done. Beyond doubt there is a vast amount of dead wood and inefficiency. Like every government undertaking there is endless red tape which might far better be cut. Anyone at all familiar with the workings of the Canal can find many faults and can see where many could be remedied. Most assuredly vast improvements could be made and many thousands of dollars of public money saved. Endless unfair rules and prejudicial discriminations should be abolished and the "public be damned" policy which seems bound to exist wherever government officials deal with civilians might at least be a little less obvious.

But in many ways the Canal Zone employee is far better off than he would be in a similar position anywhere else, and he seldom realizes this fact until he is forced to secure a position elsewhere. In fact the average Zone employee is spoiled for competition in the outside world, and many an employee who, seeking to better himself, leaves the Zone and returns to the States, soon drifts back to the easy-going life of the Canal Zone.

A mechanic, a boiler maker, a carpenter or any other working man is greatly restricted in

his opportunities for social life in the United States, for even in our so-called democracy class distinctions are pretty sharply drawn. But not so in the Canal Zone, or at least not so obviously or strictly. Men and women of all classes and all trades, employees and officials of all grades mingle freely at the "Boiler makers' " and other balls in the Tivoli, for the "Society" of the Zone is not based on family, social position or birth, no, not even on intelligence. Indeed, it would be most difficult to say just what the prime essentials are in order to be in the Zone "Four Hundred." Very largely they appear to be clique and money. The American inhabitants of the Zone number roughly about twenty thousand, or about the population of a small country town in the United States. And just as in such a town everyone knows everyone's business and life, and cliques prevail and gossip and scandal are the chief indoor sports, so it is in the Canal Zone, only worse. In the ordinary town or city each family or individual has a certain amount of privacy and lives more or less apart from neighbors. But in the Zone there is really no such thing as privacy. Many of the flimsy houses are occupied by two, three or four fami-

lies, and every word can be heard through the thin pine partitions. As a result, gossip runs riot, but as everybody is in the same boat, so to speak, the pot can hardly afford to call the kettle black,—at least openly. And as is natural under such conditions, there are innumerable cliques or groups which, to an outsider, seem quite incomprehensible. Of course there are the Military and Naval "sets," which always exist wherever the Army and Navy is found in numbers, and in the Zone the members of these are as overbearing, as supercilious and consider themselves as superior to civilians as elsewhere,—and with as little reason. Their behavior, as a rule, is far from admirable and is often disgraceful, and they quite forget that they are servants of the public and, in times of peace, are little more than drones whose salaries are paid by the civilians they look down upon. But, aside from these, the various society "sets" of the Zone consist of most heterogeneous and socially incompatible mixtures. Even the upper crust, the Governor's set, are no exceptions and persons who, in other spots, would be considered socially as far separated as the antipodes, and would be ostracised, if indeed they attempted such a thing, are

recognized members of the Zone's ultra society.

To a stranger, it is all very amusing and quite interesting, and many of the visitors to the Isthmus, who remain for any length of time, find almost as much enjoyment and enlightenment in studying mankind, as exemplified by the Zonites, as they do in going farther afield and studying Panamanian ways and scenes.

CHAPTER VIII

CROSSING THE BRIDGE OF THE WORLD

Going through the Canal. Locking a ship through Gatun. The Gatun Dam. Gatun Lake. A trip on Gatun Lake. The drowned forest and its life. Culebra Cut. Through Pedro Miguel locks. Miraflores Lake. Miraflores Locks. First sight of Balboa. From Atlantic to Pacific. Crossing the Isthmus by train. Stations en route. Glimpses of the Canal. The Hyacinth Patrol. Balboa and Ancon. Arrival at Panama. Across the continent in two hours.

That any one should visit Panama and not cross the Isthmus seems scarcely credible; nevertheless, scores of persons annually land at Colon, spend a few hours, or a day, on the Atlantic side, and never see Panama City or the Pacific.

And yet, in nearly every way, Panama is a far more interesting and attractive city than Colon, the Zone towns of Ancon and Balboa are worth a journey in themselves and the journey across is perhaps the most interesting and educational trip which can be taken in the Republic.

There are two ways of traveling from ocean to ocean, one being by railway, the other by

canal. If it is humanly possible the visitor should do both, for the two routes are totally different and no one can truthfully say he has seen the Zone until he has traveled across the Isthmus both by rail and by steamer.

As it is often difficult to go through the canal from Balboa to Cristobal by steamer (unless one is a passenger on some ship en route from Pacific to Atlantic ports) the best plan is to go from Cristobal to Balboa through the canal and then return to Colon by railway.

Leaving the docks at Cristobal, the vessel steams slowly for several miles up the entrance of the canal with its shores hidden beneath a mantle of dense jungle. Here, blue and white herons, flashing kingfishers and various waterfowl rise from the shrubbery or flap from the banks as the steamer approaches, while overhead, or winging swiftly from tree to tree, are flocks of screeching parrots. It is really a strange sensation to stand upon the deck of a big liner and to gaze upon a sea of jungle topped by palms and teeming with bright-hued birds, and it is hard to believe that the ribbon of water stretching through the swamp is a man-made canal and not some natural waterway.

Presently, however, the jungles with their life

are left behind, the grassy hills and neat buildings of Gatun appear and before us are the huge locks of Gatun with their three pairs of chambers rising, like a flight of titanic steps, against the sky.

As we approach, an immense arrow on the end of the central wall between the two tiers of chambers, swings to the right and our ship slips slowly and gently into the right hand chamber. Above us on the lofty concrete walls are tiny, squat, electric locomotives and quickly lines are passed to these, steel cables are paid out, the electric "mules" as they are called move silently forward and our great ship,—led like some captive monster by its fetters,—forges ahead.

Slowly, quietly, but surely, it is towed into the chamber by two locomotives fast to bow lines and with two more holding back and guiding our ship by stern lines, for no ship is permitted to go through the locks under its own steam, the towing locomotives being so designed that the cables may be paid out or drawn in on huge drums, thus enabling them to steer the ship and maintain the proper distance between her sides and the walls.

Looking ahead, we see a stupendous chain

rising, like some dripping, giant sea-serpent from the water, until it stretches from wall to wall,—the guard chain,—which would check our progress and save damaging the lock gates in case an accident happened and our vessel got beyond control.

Now we hurry aft and looking back, see the ponderous steel gates closing like giant jaws behind us. With the slow, deliberate motion that conveys an idea of irresistible power the two leaves of the gates swing together with never a sound; we are shut in the chamber and, with the bubbling and swirling of the water as the valves are opened, our ship rises rapidly upward,—or rather the lock walls seem to be sinking,—and, presently, our vessel's rails are above the level of the walls, the little "mules" are below instead of above us and we can look forth across the green, grassy slopes and neatly kept grounds about Gatun. Then the gates before us swing open, the guard chain drops down and disappears, the electric mules again crawl forward,—climbing the steep, rounded grade on the walls like some sort of gigantic bugs,—and our ship slips into the second chamber. Once more we are shut in between the massive gates; once more our ship rises upward to the

second level; again we are towed into the third chamber. Then the last gates are opened and, casting off the cables of the mules, our ship's whistle sounds a defiant blast, the screws churn the waters and we slip from the locks into Gatun Lake.

A marvelous example of man's handiwork, you think the locks,—an everlasting monument to Yankee brains and perseverance, and so they are; but not one-half as interesting and no more marvelous than this vast lake of over 100 square miles in area which has been formed by man to provide the water to make the canal a possibility.

As we passed through Gatun Locks we noticed, to the right, a smooth, grassy, terraced ridge stretching from the lock walls to the green hills over a mile distant. To the casual observer it seemed but a natural hill, but in reality it was made by man, for this is the Gatun Dam which checked the flow of the Chagres and made the vast Gatun Lake.

Half a mile wide at its base, 100 feet in width at its summit, rising for 105 feet above sea level and nearly a mile and one-half in length, Gatun Dam is one of the largest dams in the world and is the largest single piece of

HAULING THROUGH RAPIDS. PALENQUE RIVER

COCLÉ INDIAN KUKWA DANCERS

construction work on the canal, containing as it does, over 21,000,000 cubic yards of material.

And in building this immense dam and forming the lake marvelous changes took place in the surrounding country. Rich valleys, wherein were native villages with well-tilled fields, now lie fathoms deep beneath the placid water; thousands of acres of grazing land, once dotted with cattle, are now but the muddy bottom of the lake; hills and mountains that once reared their wooded sides above the plains have been transformed into islands and, everywhere above the surface, rise the bleached and blackened skeletons of mighty trees,—the forlorn remnants of the drowned forests.

The route followed by the steamer through the canal gives the traveler only a few far-away glimpses of all this, however, and to really see the lake you should take the train to Monte Lirio, board the launch that meets each train there, take the trip to the little Panamanian village of Limon across the lake and there employ a native to take you in his dugout or "cayuca" for a paddle through this unique forest.

At first the trees seem to be all alike,—a veritable labyrinth of dead, gaunt trees almost pathetic in their nakedness,—and one marvels that

the boatmen ever can find their way about. Gradually, however, one notes that no two trees are just alike, there is an individuality about them, and many are of weird, grotesque forms resembling strange birds or prehistoric monsters. So too, some are bare of any trace of vegetation; others are bravely striving to recover and are sending out tiny shoots and delicate leaves; others are decked with strange air plants or glorious orchids, while still others are so hung with trailing vines, parasitic plants and immense drooping ferns and grasses as to appear alive and covered with foliage.

Among them, and almost choking the waterways between the trunks, are floating islands,—masses of grasses, ferns, orchids and gorgeous lilies,—which have found a roothold on fallen trees and provide a floating, ever-shifting refuge for many kinds of water fowl. In time these floating islets become fast lodged among the trees or snags, or gather in slack water, and growing together, form real islands, solid underfoot and supporting good-sized trees and palms.

Altogether it is a strange, almost uncanny, interesting spot and the bird and animal life is almost as interesting as the lake itself. Great

flocks of cormorants roost upon the dead trees and stare impudently at the intruders. Pelicans flap lazily away at one's approach. White and blue and green herons stalk about the edges of the islands. Shimmering blue swallows twitter and chirp and wheel about and kingfishers of metallic green or purple dash, with hoarse, rattling cries, after passing fish. Soft gray gulls cry querulously above one's head. Jacanas run nimbly over the water weeds and lily pads. Emerald-hued paroquets screech and quarrel about their nest holes in the dead tree trunks and gaudy tanagers, trogans and finches feed among the air plants and orchid blooms.

Perchance too, one may catch a glimpse of a great, clumsy manatee as he rises to blow with a low, bull-like bellow or one may see scaly, dull-eyed alligators dozing on floating logs.

And if one cares to hunt by all means land on one of the wooded islands which were once hill-tops. As the waters rose and flooded the forests the wild creatures sought the higher ground until, at last, they were crowded and herded together on the hills where, isolated by the lake, they remained, with the result that many of the present islands fairly swarm with game. Here the hunter finds the native deer; the wild hogs

or peccaries; the howling baboons; the tapir; the paca or, as the natives call it, "conejo"; the agouti; the ocelot; a dozen kinds of wild cats and even the surly cougar and his lordly cousin, the jaguar.

In order to secure good sport, however, one must have dogs and must visit the more remote islands or the lake shores, for the country close to the canal and the railway has been hunted over until game is very scarce and shy.

But let us return from our little excursion on the lake and resume our journey through the canal itself. For some distance beyond Gatun little of interest is to be seen, for there is nothing to indicate that our ship is not steaming across a natural lake. But soon the lake narrows, we come within sight of the railway and, presently, we pass the bridge and the pumping station at the mouth of the Chagres and enter a waterway so straight and narrow that it is unmistakably a canal, and, as the ship moves at a snail's pace to avoid washing the banks, we approach the famous Culebra or Gaillard Cut.

On either hand the banks rise higher and higher, here and there lovely cascades tumble noisily into the canal, and soon our ship seems dwarfed to insignificance as we enter the stu-

pendous cut through Gold Hill, where the mighty steam shovels roared and snorted and tore their way through the mountain to form a cut 495 feet in depth, the deepest excavation on the canal.

Here too, is where the greatest and indeed the only serious trouble has been encountered, in the form of slides from the enclosing hills, and while the slides are constantly becoming fewer and are decreasing in size, and although a force of dredges is constantly at work keeping the channel clear, yet traffic now and again is interrupted by immense masses of rock and gravel sliding into the canal.

Swinging around the curve between the glaring red and orange sides of this marvelous cut, our ship passes the little town of Paraiso and charmingly situated Pedro Miguel and enters the Pedro Miguel locks.

Lowered down the single lock by the same process as at Gatun, but reversed, the ship steams across Miraflores Lake, enters Miraflores locks, is lowered down through two chambers and steams forth from the last into the waters of the Pacific.

Ahead are the piers and buildings, the masts and funnels, the great shops and the old coaling

station of Balboa; beyond gleams the broad Pacific; to the left Ancon Hill rears its sharp crest against the azure sky with the immense Ancon Hospital and numerous residences half hidden in the greenery upon its slopes while, nearer at hand, the snowy Administration Building stands glaringly upon its truncated pyramidal, grass-covered hill looking more like some vast mausoleum, erected to the memory of the thousands who gave their lives to connecting the oceans, rather than like a busy, matter of fact and unromantic office building.

Very different is the journey across the Isthmus by railway. Leaving Colon the way leads along Front Street, past the various buildings of Cristobal, past Mount Hope and its pumping station and plunges into a wide swamp,—partly drained to be sure,—but still a waste of low bush, of great stretches of mud and of shallow pools where scores of herons and waders may be seen. Gradually the swamp gives way to drier land and, presently, the train draws up at Fort Davis, a white, concrete station standing boldly forth in a waste of raw red earth, with the barracks and buildings of the big army post beyond and hundreds of khaki clad soldiers about.

Bare, hot and glaring is the freshly turned earth and newly cleared land to-day; but, in a year or two, all will be lusciously green; neat lawns and flower gardens will hide the scarlet scars of pick and shovel and graceful palms and spreading trees will line the blazing roadways.

A little farther on, the train again stops at Gatun, with the immense locks close at hand, with the titanic dam stretching in a vast curve to the hills across the canal and with, perchance, a steamer or two being locked through. Here, also, is the headquarters of the lake patrol and the lighthouse department and always there is a little fleet of steamers, launches and tugs at the docks beside the tracks, while, now and then, one may see one of the queer, house-boat-like vessels of the hyacinth patrol.

As the meaning of hyacinth patrol may prove a puzzle to many it may be well to explain that one of the greatest menaces of the canal is that lovely, sweet-scented, floating plant known as the water hyacinth and to destroy these plants and keep them under control a force of men and boats are constantly at work. Later, when you cross the Chagres, you may see them,—raking and gathering the hyacinths into huge masses

back of log booms where they are sprayed with chemicals to destroy them.

Beyond Gatun, the train dashes through jungle, crosses causeways over arms of the lake, rushes along the shore with the drowned forest stretching away as far as eye can see and stops for a moment at little Monte Lirio station. Another short run, with the lake and its skeleton trees ever in sight, and Frijoles is reached. Then, passing through hilly pastures where the Canal Commissary is endeavoring to rear cattle in numbers sufficient to supply the Zone, and with charming vistas of jungle-filled valleys and forested mountains in the distance, the train draws up at the wireless station of Darien with its twin towers piercing the sky.

Very pretty is this spot with its ornamental flower beds, its flaming hibiscus hedges and its lawns making it appear more like private grounds than a naval wireless station. Beyond here the way follows near the shores of the canal and the traveler may often see some big ship passing slowly through. The next stop is Gamboa and immediately after leaving the station the train rumbles over the iron drawbridge spanning the Chagres, passes the water pumping station and the Canal Zone

stockade or penitentiary and commences its long up hill climb to Summit.

Here, at the crest of the continental divide, is the Government agricultural experiment station and nursery, and here, too, is the Zone chicken farm,—the least said on which is the better. Across the hills to the right Gold Hill rears its head, with lesser Contractors Hill near by and with the glaring red cut plainly visible.

From Summit the way is all down hill with marvelous views of deep valleys, like seas of green, steep hillsides clothed with impenetrable forests and majestic mountains looming blue against the sky while, swinging about the hillsides, clinging to the steep slopes, spanning ravines and winding in and out of the jungle is the white thread of concrete automobile road that extends from Gamboa to Panama.

Then, ahead, we see the canal again, we speed past Paraiso with the stupendous, floating cranes moored ever ready for business, and draw up at Pedro Miguel. Beside the shores of pretty Miraflores Lake the train speeds on; it roars through a tunnel, hesitates a moment at Miraflores station,—with the huge filtration plant within sight,—and then hurries on to Fort

Clayton and to Corozal, the post of the Army Engineers.

Here we are again on level land. To the right is the swamp bordering the canal, to the left the broad area of reclaimed land. In the distance we see the familiar Administration Building, Ancon Hill and the city of Balboa and, swiftly swinging around the broad curve from Corozal, the train stops at Balboa's station with the broad avenues, perfectly kept lawns, rows of palms and neat concrete homes reminding one of some residential town in California.

Five minutes more and with clanging bell the train's speed slackens as we enter the outskirts of Panama City. We catch a glimpse of the big Tivoli Hotel on the right, another fleeting glimpse of pretty De Lesseps park; we note countless brown and black faces peering from the many-storied wooden tenements of Calidonia, and a moment later, have reached the end of our journey at the splendid station in Panama. And as we step from the train we cannot but feel a thrill, a sense of elation, a feeling of excitement, for we have accomplished a feat impossible in any other spot in all the world; we have traveled from Atlantic to Pacific,—we have crossed the continent,—in two hours!

CHAPTER IX

PANAMA CITY AND ITS SIGHTS

A Spanish city. Modernized Panama. Avenida Central. Santa Ana Plaza and its church. Las Mercedes Church. The Plaza Central. Independence Park. Noteworthy buildings. The Cathedral. The Lottery. Sight seeing. The President's Palace. Market. Quaint streets. Old churches. Old churches about Plaza Bolivar. National Theater. National Palace. The Bovedas. Views of Panama. The Flat Arch. The Gold Altar. Old water front and city walls. The Chorillo. De Lesseps Park. Seeing Balboa and Ancon. Views from Quarry Heights. Fort Amador. Fortified Islands. By motor to Gamboa. Trips to Taboga and the Pearl Islands. Pearls. Trip to Old Panama. Scenes by the way. Exposition grounds. Bella Vista. Old Panama and its story.

When one steps from the American railway train into Panama City one steps into a new world, for Panama, despite its many modernities, despite its hundreds of motor cars, its trolleys, its well paved streets, its Americanized store windows and many other details is essentially and typically a Spanish city.

Everywhere are Spanish signs; everywhere is the Spanish tongue; everywhere are Spanish faces, Spanish types, Spanish customs, Spanish music and Spanish architecture. Perhaps,

however, I should say Spanish American, for there is little of the real Spanish in Panama and little that savors of old Spain. But Spanish American is a clumsy term at best and Panama has not been independent long enough to have developed any striking features peculiar to itself and its people and 'twould be an insult to Panamanians if I were to speak of their capital city as Colombian. To find the real foreign charm of Panama, to see and hear and smell the real Spanish American atmosphere, one must go to the back streets, the quaint, narrow thoroughfares, the short alleys, the crooked byways, the waterfront and the market place.

Avenida Central, the main street, is so broad and well paved, so overhung with trolley wires, so filled with automobiles, so crowded by Americans and other foreigners, so lined with modern shops, department stores, motion picture theaters, cabarets and other modernities from the States that its foreign atmosphere has been almost lost. But in the out-of-the-way sections and less frequented thoroughfares it is all very different. To be sure, there are spots, even on Avenida Central, where one seems to have stepped suddenly into the Spanish city of stories and imagination.

For example, there is Santa Ana Plaza with its graceful royal palms rising like concrete shafts above the tessellated tiled walks; with its mellow-toned old church of Santa Ana in the background; with its dusky gamins and swarthy loungers on its ornate benches and with its quaint kiosk where lottery tickets, sweets, cigarettes, bull fight tickets, postcards, stamps and what not are sold by a dark-skinned Señorita whose cheeks are ghastly with powder and whose eyes are veritable midnight pools.

And beyond Santa Ana Plaza the broad thoroughfare rapidly becomes more Spanish American. Here, there are massive old stone buildings with jutting balconies and iron grills and the gray pile of Las Mercedes church with its great doors studded with immense iron bosses and with enormous knockers ten feet above one's head, while beyond, is the Plaza Central, or Independence Park, as typically Spanish American as one could wish.

Famed as the spot where Panama's declaration of independence was declared, the Plaza Central is the favorite lounging place, the favorite breathing spot, the favorite promenade and the center of all celebrations, parades and other out-of-door functions of the city. Here,

on certain evenings, the band plays and the population "pasears"; pedestrians packing the walks and benches to see and be seen while a constant stream of motor cars and "cochés" moves ceaselessly in never-ending procession round and round the Plaza. Here too, on each Sunday morning at ten, is held the lottery drawing and, at that time, a surging, interested, breathless crowd surrounds the office—which is beneath the Bishop's residence—each and every one,—from ragged beggar to millionaire merchant,—convinced that he or she is the holder of the lucky number that wins the capital prize.

Fronting the Plaza on one side is the cathedral, an imposing but modern edifice with its towers studded with pearl shell; but its interior is rather garish and unattractive and with no notable paintings or furnishings. Opposite the cathedral, and also facing the plaza, is the old Central Hotel, a famous hostelry in the days of '49 and, on the third side of the plaza, are the Municipal Palace,—a beautiful building containing a remarkably fine piece of sculpture in marble in its entrance,—and the old Canal Administration building of the French; the Post Office building with the telegraph offices,

offices of public instruction and other government offices.

On the fourth side, opposite these buildings, are the Bishop's Palace and the American Foreign Bank.

As a starting point from which to wander about the city and see the most interesting sights, the Central Plaza is unequalled, for all the most important buildings and most historic spots are within easy reach.

By turning down Sixth Street past the Bishop's house the water front is reached with the Presidential Palace extending from Sixth to Fifth Streets. The palace is not impressive from the exterior, but its patio,—filled with palms and tropical plants around a central fountain and with stately white egrets stalking about,—is most attractive with its pearl shell columns and the "Gold Room" also is of interest.

To the right, facing the bay, is the ancient Marina Hotel, while, to the left, the street leads to the big public market.

The time to visit the market is early in the morning and the most interesting scenes are in the little stalls and stands outside the real market or at the landing place or "playa" where the queer, dug-out schooners, known as "Bon-

gos,'' come from far and near to unload their cargoes of fruits, vegetables, live stock and other produce.

In this section by the market the streets are steep, roughly cobbled, crooked and narrow with the blank walls of old buildings hemming them in like cliffs and with the sidewalks ascending in flights of stone steps in many places. Here too, is a rather quaint little plaza, all askew and erratic, as though twisted and squeezed out of shape by the pressure of buildings round about and, tucked into nearby corners, are several interesting churches.

By climbing one of the steep crooked streets one may reach Central Avenue again, passing the police station and fire department buildings and a triangular little plaza on Eleventh Street en route. It is better however, to retrace one's steps and passing the Presidential Palace and the Marina Hotel, and turning to the right on Fourth Street, with San Filipe de Neri Church built in 1688 at the corner of Avenue B, come to Bolivar Plaza with the ruins of old San Francisco convent, burned in 1756, the College of La Salle and the San Francisco Church on the opposite side. In this church, which was rebuilt in 1785, there are, or were, some very fine old

paintings while the church itself was most attractive, with its age-mellowed stone work, its crumbling walls and artistic towers. Unfortunately, within the past few years, it has been repaired and rejuvenated in such a way that it has been completely ruined from an architectural point of view.

Following along the water front from Plaza Bolivar, one passes the National theater, forming an integral part of the National Palace which fronts on Central Avenue, and which contains the offices of the various Cabinet Ministers and their departments, as well as the Assembly Chambers where the Legislative body meets.

At the lower end of Avenida Central, the splendid Union Club is reached, and just beyond, one comes to the famous Bovedas and Chiriqui prison. The Bovedas, constructed by the Spaniards, were, in the old days, the most important portion of the city's defences and while the queer, lantern-shaped sentry boxes still stand and are still occupied by khaki-clad sentries, the buildings were long ago transformed into a prison, many of the cells being below the street and as damp, dank and fearsome as any dungeons ever imagined by writers of fiction. These, however, are no longer used

for confining malefactors, and the upper tiers of cells, or rather rooms, for there are no cells as we know them, serve merely as temporary quarters for prisoners. A new and modern jail has been built on the Chorillos road, and here all short term prisoners are confined, while those sentenced to longer terms are sent to Coiba Island, the Panamanian penal colony. As there is no capital punishment in Panama, life sentences are imposed for murder and a few other crimes, and life term convicts sent to Coiba are often, if not usually, far better off than if free.

At Coiba they are given land and every opportunity to improve their condition and earn a livelihood by honest means, and all visitors at all interested in prison reform should visit this penal settlement and see for themselves how Panama treats her worst criminals, and how she has set an example that we might do well to follow.

Somewhat hidden away on the seaward esplanade of the Bovedas is the historical and archeological museum which contains collections of interest, and which is open to the public free of charge.

But the most attractive feature of the Bovedas is the French Memorial covering the

apex of the triangular point of land. Here the French Government has erected a handsome monumental shaft and a gallery filled with cenotaphs and the busts of all those who had a part in the conception and building of the canal from the earliest Spanish engineers to the final triumph of the Americans.

From the Bovedas, too, one has a splendid view of the water front of Panama with the green Ancon hill beyond, the twin towers of the cathedral rising above the sea of red roofs and lesser buildings, and the fortified islands of Naos, Flamenco and Culebra guarding the entrance to the Canal while,—mirage like,—Taboga and Taboguilla rise,—pearl gray and mauve,—upon the horizon; the whole forming a picture which might well be a bit of the Mediterranean.

From the Bovedas one may return to Central Plaza by way of Avenida Central, past the National Palace and the American Legation; but it is better to follow Avenue A with its many handsome and typically Spanish American residences and several old and very interesting churches.

On this avenue, at the corner of Third Street, is the ruin of Santo Domingo church with its

famed flat arch, a magnificent bit of architectural work which has been the wonder and surprise of engineers and whose existence had a direct bearing on the successful building of the Canal. Composed of brick, stone and mortar, and with nothing that can really be considered a keystone, this wonderful arch has withstood every storm and many an earthquake since the old church was destroyed by fire in 1756 and it was this fact, more than any other data, which convinced our engineers that the concrete locks would run little danger of being destroyed by any earth tremors. As a matter of fact there are several other equally "flat" arches, both in Santo Domingo church and other old Spanish buildings in Panama. And the secret of their endurance is not so much due to lack of earthquakes as to their construction. These arches, like most of the old Spanish masonry, were built of bricks and stones cemented together by a most durable and tenacious mortar (probably a mixture of lime and blood or grease) which is far harder and more enduring than even the stones or bricks themselves. Such an arch might be thrown bodily to the ground without complete destruction, and an earthquake which would topple massive walls and buildings might

AVENIDA CENTRAL, PANAMA CITY

ST. ANASTASIO CHURCH AND BIT OF SEA WALL
RUINS OF OLD PANAMA

yet leave the arches intact, as, in fact, has been the case in many places.

This church, like all the old churches in the city, was built of materials salvaged from the ruins of old Panama and hence those that still stand have an appearance of being much older than they really are, while the hodge-podge of brick, tile, cut stone and rubble of which their walls are composed is very curious.

Beyond Santo Domingo and its arch, at the corner of Avenue A and Eighth Street is another church,—an obscure, unattractive, severely plain structure which might well be passed unnoticed, but which is probably the most noteworthy sight in Panama City, for within its portals is the famous golden altar of San José. Marvelously beautiful is the effect of this magnificent altar of gold as the sunlight, streaming through the stained glass windows gleams upon its burnished surface and is reflected in dazzling brilliancy. And fascinating and interesting as the altar itself is the romantic story of its history. Of beaten gold, and worth a king's ransom, the altar, so legend says, was the pride of the richest church in Old Panama,—then the richest and most important city in the New World,—and was made from

the church's tithe of the gold from Panama's mines and the looted treasure of Peru.

Many romantic tales of this altar have been told. One has it that the famous altar was taken down and carried to sea when word of Morgan's coming reached Old Panama. Later, so the story goes, it was brought to the new city, erected in the modest San José church and disguised under a coating of white paint until all dangers of pirates, wars, revolutions and other turbulent times were at an end. Then, according to tradition, the Padres cleaned away the paint and the altar shone forth in all its original glory. Another version tells us that the devout Nuns of Old Panama painted the altar white when the buccaneers' attack was impending. Then, when Morgan arrived and, entering San José church, demanded the treasures it was said to contain, the priests vowed that all it possessed was within sight,—which was literally true, and Morgan, giving scarcely a second glance at the cheap appearing white altar, passed it by.

But the true story as related by one of the priests of San José church, and which is borne out by documentary evidence, is scarcely less romantic and is just as interesting. According

to this the altar was disguised when the famous buccaneer marched across the Isthmus to Old Panama. But instead of being taken down and hurried by ship to safety on the high seas, the altar remained in the doomed city and was saved owing to the fact that San José church was the one church that escaped the conflagration which swept the town. Thus preserved as if by a miracle, the altar was later removed to the new church in the present Panama where it still remains. The original altar was, however, very different from the one the visitor sees today. Constructed of carved cedar and mahogany it was decorated with golden ornaments, partly covered with gold plates and was richly and artistically inlaid with gold.

But unfortunately, some one with more zeal than artistic taste, saw fit to cover the wooden portions of the altar with gold leaf and also installed an immense amount of gilt work in the church. The result was to cheapen the whole and to detract from the altar's impressiveness and beauty and lead the visitor to think that all is mere gold paint.

Just beyond this little church,—at the corner of Ninth Street,—is Herrera Plaza which is utilized as a children's playground and is fitted

with carousels, swings, chutes, parallel bars, games, see-saws and various other sources of amusement and exercise with a large shallow pool wherein the kiddies may sail their toy boats or paddle about in safety.

Only a few years ago, this Plaza was covered by the sea at high tide and the water reached as far as the Officina Moderna store at the corner of Eighth Street and Avenida Central, the building having been formerly the Aspinwall Hotel.

Down Ninth Street to the left of Avenue A is the plant of the Panama Lighting and Power Company while, two blocks beyond Herrera Plaza, one may see the ruins of the old city walls and fortifications that once guarded the water front along here.

Continuing beyond here, we again reach the Santa Ana Plaza and, by turning to the left and going out B Street,—with its trolley line,—we pass the old Santo Tomas Hospital, now used as a school, the cemeteries, and passing through the suburb known as the Chorillos we enter the Canal Zone at the bottom of Ancon Hill.

Turning to the right and following the magnificent roadway along the base of the hill, one

comes to the splendid buildings of the National Institute, the largest building in Panama and a seat of learning of which any country might be proud.

Continuing straight ahead, the road leads past the Ancon (Canal Zone) Post Office, the Ancon childrens' playground, the rear of the Ancon School, and the Century Club with pretty De Lesseps Plaza to the right and the Tivoli Hotel on the hill to the left.

De Lesseps Plaza or Park could easily be made the most beautiful of spots and a credit to Panama, for it is well laid out, there are quantities of flowering shrubs, shade and ornamental trees, and it has an attractive band stand and charming fountains; but it has been neglected and uncared for until in very bad condition and an eyesore.

Having now seen the best of the capital of Panama it is advisable to see what Ancon and Balboa have to offer and the best way to see these model Zone towns is by motor car or coché which should be hired by the hour.

There are so many routes, so many splendid drives about Ancon and Balboa that it would require many pages to describe them all; but the local drivers will take the visitor over the

entire district if so instructed and will point out every building and spot of interest. As a rule, the first route followed is along the main drive from the Tivoli past the Administration Building and through the Prado of Balboa to the Balboa Clubhouse, thence past the Balboa Commissary Restaurant and up to Quarry Heights, finally descending past the huge Ancon Hospital.

This trip affords some magnificent views, especially that from Quarry Heights, with the Prado bordered by royal palms and lined with the neat, concrete houses and stretching, straight as an arrow, from the foot of Administration Building Hill to the Clubhouse with the piers, shops, dry docks and canal beyond.

But wherever one looks the view is beautiful, for Balboa is as neat and orderly, as prettily laid out and as attractive as a miniature model of a town.

Perhaps the finest view from Quarry Heights is that of the town and the Canal at night, when the lights gleam among the palms and the distant Miraflores Locks seem a bit of fairy land, with their myriad lights twinkling against the purple background of the lake and hills and casting a soft, refulgent

glow upon the placid waters of the Canal.

Another interesting trip is that to Fort Amador with its long rows of attractive, concrete quarters and barracks, its well-kept grounds and lawns and with the causeway leading to the fortified islands at the Canal entrance.

If possible to secure a pass to visit these forts, the visitor should by all means do so, for nowhere else,—save at the Rock of Gibraltar,—have solid mountains been so hollowed and tunnelled and honeycombed to provide impregnable forts.

With no external hint of what has been done, these cone-shaped, rocky islands rear their summits two hundred feet or more above the sea, commanding a vast expanse of ocean and all possible waterways which lead to the canal. Upon their summits,—sliced off and hollowed out,—are batteries of huge 14 and 16 inch guns; secondary batteries are scattered about; a wonderful mortar battery is nestled in an artificial hollow at the base of one hill; in great chambers cut within the heart of the solid rock, are barracks, machine shops, electric plants and controls, while, leading to the summits through the very cen-

ter of the islands, are stairways and elevators.

And if the visitor is fortunate enough to be permitted to visit these wonderful forts and to climb or to be carried to the summits, he will find a marvelous panorama spread before him.

Like a steel-blue ribbon the Canal stretches from beneath one's feet to Miraflores, with Balboa, like a toy town, amid its lawns and Fort Amador connecting it in a narrow tongue of land with the causeway. To the north, the city of Panama basks in the sun,—a sea of red roofs and church towers—backed by range after range of misty mountains stretching into the dim distance. To the south, Taboga rears its green hills above the turquoise sea with still greener Taboguilla just beyond, while to the east, phantasmal, elusive and wraith-like, the opalescent outlines of the Pearl Islands shimmer upon the far horizon.

Even after "doing" Panama City and the Zone there is still much of interest to be seen in the vicinity of Panama. There is the splendid concrete motor road from Balboa through Corozal, Pedro Miguel, and Paraiso to Gamboa on the Chagres; a road leading through enchantingly pretty scenery and with constantly chang-

ing glimpses of the Canal and its locks. There are trips to Taboga,—where one is made thoroughly comfortable at the Hotel Aspinwall operated by the United States Government and where one may see native Panamanian life in the quaint old village or may bathe in the tepid Pacific or enjoy splendid fishing, according to one's bent or, if a longer trip is desired, a journey may be made to the Pearl Islands.

On this trip one may revel in what are perhaps the best fishing grounds of the Pacific, for it is nothing unusual for half a ton of jack, Spanish mackerel, barracouda, pompano, dolphin and other gamey fishes to be taken by a party of three or four in a day's fishing between Panama and San Miguel, the largest of the islands.

And at the Pearl Islands there is not a little to interest the visitor, especially if the trip be made during the pearling season,—from April until December. Quaint and very foreign is the little fishing town of San Miguel but, like nearly all the native villages, none too cleanly and with an ill-kept, untidy appearance which, to those unfamiliar with Latin America, seems to bespeak abject poverty, but which, in reality, means nothing of the sort, for the native Pan-

amanian of the outlying districts cares not a jot for appearances or surroundings and he may dwell in a patched, thatched hut and be attired in rags and yet be well-to-do or even wealthy.

But if you expect to purchase pearls at San Miguel for a little or nothing you will be grievously disappointed. The Pearl Islander knows the value of pearls as well as any dealer in the big cities or even New York and while his prices are far lower than one would pay in a Fifth Avenue, or even in an Avenida Central, jeweler's, yet you may be sure they are all the pearl is worth or more.

Of course, now and then, one may pick up a bargain; one may meet some chap who is hard up and cannot find a ready purchaser for his pearls or he may have come by them dishonestly, or they may have a slight blemish, which can be eliminated by an expert, or he may,—and this is more often the case,—be drunk and careless in his bargaining. So too, one may, now and then, find pearls which, though of irregular form or imperfect color, may match so perfectly and be so odd that for one's personal use they are worth far more than the price asked.

But unless one *knows* pearls one should be

very cautious in purchasing of natives. San Miguel, as well as Panama and Colon, is alive with native buyers and itinerant pearl peddlers who are out to "do" the stranger if they can and instances are not unknown where visitors to the Isthmus have proudly exhibited bargains in pearls, which they have purchased from the innocent natives, only to learn that their treasures were excellent Parisian imitations.

Finally, there is the trip to Old Panama, a trip which every visitor to the Isthmus should and which nearly every one does take. Leaving the Tivoli, or Panama City, the road runs through the district known as Calidonia, a portion of the city given over mainly to negro tenements of the same many-storied, flimsy-balconied, ramshackle wooden type as those in Colon. Then the orphan asylum and poor house are passed, the road swings to the right, with the big Casino and Plaza del Toros on the left, and skirts the Exposition Grounds.

These grounds, laid out with the idea of a permanent Pan-American exposition, are beautifully situated and contain a number of fine buildings which were built to house exhibits; but the advent of the World's War played havoc

with the scheme, as it did with many other things, and the buildings have mainly been devoted to other purposes.

Some are occupied by foreign legations and others have been given over to government uses.

Here too, is an excellent private hospital and sanitorium conducted by American doctors, while, near by, the new Panamanian hospital of Santo Tomas.

A bit further on is Bella Vista, a charming little seaside suburb with bathing pavilions, a good beach and many pretty bungalows and villas belonging to prominent Panamanians.

The road, which is perfect, passes the Juan Franco race track and runs through a rather flat, monotonous and uninteresting country for several miles with here and there the palatial, and usually too ornate, country residence of some wealthy native, and then, branching sharply to the right, brings one to the famous ruins of Old Panama.

The first object seen is the ancient, partly-ruined bridge which spans a little creek beside the road,—the bridge over which Morgan led his victorious ruffians when he sealed the doom of the city. Just beyond this are several massive ruins half concealed in the brush with

others scattered through the tangle of weeds and bushes while, dominating all, and the most famed and photographed spot in all the Republic, rises the tower of San Anastasio church, like a monument marking the grave of the city and its dead. The tower stands but a few yards from the sea and here, just above high-water mark, is the last remnant of the old wall and fort built of cobbles and mortar and the oldest bit of the old city.

Impressive and historically interesting as are these ruins of what was once the richest and most important city of the New World, yet the spot is ruined by noisy, objectionable "cantinas" or drinking places erected near the old church tower and, as a usual thing, a crowd of obscene, loud-voiced, intoxicated merrymakers make the place hideous with ribald songs, discordant music and licentious dancing.

It is a great pity that the Panamanian Government has been so short sighted or so indifferent as to permit this historic place to be made a resort for carousals, gaming, cockfighting, drinking and disreputable behavior of all sorts when it should have been made into a Government reservation and conserved, cared for and guarded for all time. Several

times, the local Rotarians have brought up the subject of making the site of Old Panama into a public park. But, aside from fastening a few tin placards on a few of the ruins, nothing has been done. And, if we may judge from past experiences, nothing further will be done in the way of preserving these priceless and historic ruins from vandalism and the ever destroying jungle.

During the régime of Dr. Dexter, as head of the National Institute, that gentleman took a great interest in Old Panama, and with Government aid, had the entire place cleared, cleaned and surveyed. During this work he recovered a vast quantity of most valuable and interesting relics, such as old weapons, glass and china, buttons, locks, pottery, household utensils, coins, etc. In addition, he made a large scale model of the ruins, and in order to properly identify all of the existing ruins, he secured authentic copies of the original descriptions and reports of the city from the Archives of Spain. A perusal of these brought to light many interesting facts and proved that the famous old city was quite different from what one might imagine from its fame and from story.

According to the records contemporaneous with the city, there were very few buildings of stone or of note, the bulk of the houses, shops and even some of the government buildings, being of wattled cane and adobe thatched with leaves. Moreover, the majority of these were little more than huts and in the description of the town the houses were divided into two classes; those with floors and those without, and those without were greatly in the majority.

When we realize this we can readily understand how easily a fire could be accidentally started by some brawling, drunken pirate knocking over a candle or lamp, or even from the flash of a pistol or musket, and, once started, the conflagration was certain to sweep the town.

Another matter which Dr. Dexter's researches made clear was that the land has altered greatly since Morgan's raid, for, if we are to believe the ancient maps and records, the harbor of Old Panama ran well into the land back of St. Anastasio church and almost to the old bridge and good sized boats landed where now there is nothing but a semi-dry mangrove swamp.

Few visitors to Old Panama see anything more than the old church tower and the ruins close at hand; but for those really interested and who are not afraid of red bugs, ticks, thorns or brambles, the more out-of-the-way ruins are very interesting and the old vaults of the ancient Treasury (usually miscalled the dungeons) are worthy of inspection.

It was within these dark, stone cells that all that vast treasure of gold, silver and precious stones; of plate and ingot; of loot from Incas and Aztecs; of bullion, wrought literally by blood, from a thousand mines was stored to await the treasure trains of mules, slaves and armed men which transported the wealth of the west across the Gold Road to the ships waiting in the harbors of Nombre de Dios and Porto Bello.

One's imagination cannot conceive the fortunes which have filled these vaults; one cannot picture the awful sufferings, the untold horrors, the unspeakable crimes and incredible tortures which were undergone and inflicted in getting together the millions which have passed through the low, arched portals of these dismal chambers.

If only the ancient stones could speak what

a marvelous story they could tell! What wonderful scenes they have witnessed! What incalculable fortunes they have hoarded in the bloody days of yore!

But to-day they are empty; their damp, stone steps no longer ring to the tread of armored men; no longer do boxes and bales and bars of dull gold fill them from floor to arched roof; never again will the fitful glow of sputtering torches gleam in many-colored fires from piles of gems torn from the writhing, tortured bodies of Indian princesses and kings. Their floors are deep with dirt, filth and debris; loathsome, crawling things hide among the crevices of the masonry; their once strong doors have disappeared and left them open to the elements and bats by thousands make them their roosting place.

CHAPTER X

THROUGH THE INTERIOR BY MOTOR CAR

By motor into Coclé. Villages and towns. The German colony. Roads and bridges. Hills and llanos. The cattle country. Progressive towns. Schools. The volcano. Natá the oldest city in America. The old church. A fortress and church combined. A marvelous contrast. The city of salt. Onward into Veraguas. Side trips. Silicified forests. Bird life. The capital of Veraguas.

Having visited the ruins of that once "Goode and Staytlye City," and having seen all there is to be seen around and about Panama, the visitor will do well to take a trip into the interior.

A few years ago this was a difficult thing to do and even a short journey into the country was filled with discomforts and hardships. But today, one may travel for over two hundred miles into the interior by motor car over roads that, with a few exceptions, are by no means bad, and many miles of which would be a credit to our own country.

But the visitor planning this trip should be provided with camping outfit, food and all other necessities and luxuries, if the journey is to

be taken in comfort. There are, it is true, little fondas or so-called hotels in every town of any size in the interior. But these are, with few exceptions, impossible for those travelers who are not inured to roughing it. They are dirty, often vermin infested, lacking in nearly every necessity and convenience, and the sleeping accommodations consist of hard native cots. As a rule, too, anywhere from two to ten persons are crowded into one room and there is no privacy. The meals are of the coarsest native food, badly cooked and worse served, and the charges, considering the accommodations, are ridiculous. It is a far better plan to camp out and cook one's own meals. But in selecting a camp site be sure and do *not* make the mistake that so many Americans make, of camping on low ground near a stream, on lands where there are cattle or in the jungle. If you do you will be eaten alive by mosquitos, devoured by ticks or made miserable by other insect pests. And be sure *not* to drink river water unless thoroughly boiled. At nearly every village and town there are driven wells from which pure water may be obtained, and the larger towns are provided with a water supply which is safe, although in the height of the dry season it

cannot be relied upon. The best places to camp are the sides of the road, and if near a village so much the better, for some fruits, vegetables and other food may usually be purchased, and eggs, pigeons, chickens and turkeys are always obtainable. If fond of hunting by all means carry a shot gun, for quail and wild pigeon are abundant and will greatly help out the menu. But fight shy of the native beef and pork. Cattle are seldom killed in the interior until they are far too old for breeding purposes, or for shipment to Panama City, and the beasts are slaughtered and the meat sold and eaten the same day.

If the trip is taken during the height of the dry season,—from December until April, practically no shelter will be required. There will be no danger of rain; but as a strong wind blows constantly a protection from this and the accompanying dust is necessary. And be sure to provide blankets and mosquito nets. The nights are cold in the interior and while, during the dry season, mosquitos are not numerous, it is well to provide against any chance of contracting malaria by being bitten by the pests. In the tropics an ounce of prevention is worth many pounds of cure. For this reason no

OLD CHURCH AT NATA, COCLÉ PROVINCE, BUILT IN 1520
AND THE OLDEST CHURCH IN CONTINENTAL AMERICA

GIANT ANT-HILLS ON THE PLAINS, COCLÉ

traveler should venture into the interior of Panama without a supply of quinine and other simple medicines and a first aid kit. As there are gasoline filling stations where fuel and oil may be had, at every town, the traveler need not worry on that score. Leaving Panama or Ancon, the route is to Pedro Miguel where a ferry carries the automobiles and passengers across the Canal. Then, over a road that is a disgrace to our government, the way leads through Empire and Camp Gaillard, where the Porto Rican Regiment is stationed, and hence over a roughly-cobbled road through charming hilly country to Panamanian territory. The first portion of the new Panama highroad is far from perfect and, in many places is so narrow, so tortuous and has such sharp, blind curves that it is positively dangerous. The first good sized settlement is Chorrera, an old Spanish town sprawling over the rolling country with its glaring red earth. But it is of little interest, as is Capira, the next village of any size. From here on, the road is wider, straighter and, in some places, is fairly good. Here the highway climbs a number of small mountains or high hills, covered with jungle and affording wonderful vistas of the Pacific and the islands

in the offing. Here, too, one passes a little village of the typical wattled, mud-walled, thatch-roofed native huts, but which appear quite different from the others we have seen. They are neat and tidy; about them are flower gardens, and, most incongruously, the windows are furnished with muslin curtains and flower boxes. And the inhabitants seem just as incongruous. They are white skinned, blue eyed and tow headed, for they are Germans, brought out by the Panama government with the mistaken idea that they could make the wilderness blossom like the proverbial rose, and would,—by some miraculous means,—induce progress and prosperity in the district. Unfortunately, the poor colonists, who were entirely ignorant of the tropics and tropical agriculture, have proved a dismal failure. The few crops they have raised, in a spot wholly unsuited to gardening, have been either destroyed by the natives or have proved unsalable, while such products as were harvested and were salable could not be sold except at a loss owing to the high cost of transportation.

As a result, the Germans became poverty stricken and were actually suffering from want until their plight was brought to the attention

of charitable persons on the Zone and in Panama City. Thus partially provided for, and by earning a few dollars serving coffee and light refreshments to passing travelers, the colonists who have remained have managed to eke out an existence; but by far the greater number have migrated to more promising fields and are working as laborers. Had the Panama government selected peasants from southern Europe instead of Germans, they might have succeeded, though it is hard to see how anyone could succeed as an agriculturist in the district and under present economic conditions.

Beyond here the road swings westward towards the coast to Chame, and hence to Bejuco, both small but rather neat little settlements where orange trees laden with fruit are on every side, and where the traveler may fill his car with the sweetest of juicy oranges at a cost of a few cents.

Beyond Chame a branch road runs to San Carlos while the main thoroughfare continues on to Antón. This district is the beginning of the plains or llanos that sweep inland to the distant mountains. Here, too, the road is excellent, and bridge after bridge is crossed. The land, however, though well watered by the nu-

merous streams, is sterile and thin and is incapable of supporting anything more than a sparse growth of wiry grass and thorny shrubs. It is almost wholly volcanic ash and tufa, and often, near the road, one sees areas of the glaring white ash cut by the rains into weird formations like innumerable spires.

Antón, the largest shipping town in the district, is a fairly good sized village but with few attractions, and from here the smooth surfaced road runs across the almost level llanos to Penonomé. Penonomé the capital of Coclé province, is the most up-to-date, most progressive and the cleanest and best kept town in the interior of the republic.

It was the first to have a municipal water supply and the first to have an electric light system. Its schools are so numerous that they seem out of all proportion to the size of the town, and everyone appears well-to-do, contented and happy. In fact the better class of inhabitants are apparently of a far superior race to those of other interior villages, and their pride in their town is most admirable.

The streets are smoothly paved and well kept, every house is repainted each year, there are numerous well stocked stores, two or three gas-

olene filling stations and a good market. But the most attractive feature of Penonomé, the ancient church on the plaza, has been completely ruined by rebuilding and modernizing. Penonomé is the outlet for a large area of country, and quantities of rubber, coffee and other mountain products are brought into the settlement by the Indians who dwell about La Pintada and in the mountainous country of the interior of the province. But the Coclé tribe is thoroughly civilized and the Indians have even forgotten their own tongue. However, they still keep up some of their ancient tribal customs, and they weave excellent hammocks, baskets and bags which may be purchased at very reasonable prices in the Penonomé shops.

Immediately after leaving Penonomé a rugged isolated mountain is seen, rising abruptly from the plain to the north, or right hand side, of the road. This is the Guacamayo volcano which is still slightly active. On its southern side, plainly visible as we pass within a few miles of the volcano, is the great red broken down crater. Here are immense deposits of sulphur with hot springs and a few fumeroles. From the summit of Guacamayo a magnificent panorama of country and sea is spread at one's

feet; but the climb to the summit is a terrific undertaking and is not to be recommended.

From Penonomé the road continues on across flat llanos and over numerous big iron bridges, and passes through the little villages of Coclé, Rio Grande and Rio Caño to Natá. This town is mainly of interest as being the oldest occupied town on the American continent, having been founded by the Spaniards in 1520. The church, however, is the only remaining building of the original town, the present houses being mainly miserable native shacks, while the town itself is filthy, badly kept and wholly unattractive. Here, as in so many instances, the priests, with more zeal than common sense, have attempted to rejuvenate the splendid old church. But here, fortunately, they only got as far as one tower and left the rest of the building in its original condition. Built of brick and rubble, the old church covers an immense area and was originally surrounded by a stout loopholed wall which also enclosed the fort. Much of the wall has been destroyed and the fort has vanished, but the church itself is in a fair state of preservation. It contains some priceless Old Masters and some remarkable silver but, like everything else in the place, it seems

run down at the heels and woefully in need of cleaning and care.

Near Natá a road branches off to the north across the llanos. This road, which is passable for automobiles during the dry season, leads to within a short distance of the Limon waterfall, one of Panama's greatest natural wonders. Here the Rio Caño, flowing across a high plateau, plunges over the verge of a precipice, and, in a series of gigantic cataracts, falls for over one thousand feet to the level of the plains. During the dry season the volume of water is not great, but during the rainy season and the first part of the dry season, the falls are visible for twenty miles and their roar is audible for nearly five miles.

Beyond Natá the plains are more fertile and in places are covered with large trees while here and there are fields of sugar cane. Here, too, one first sees the giant nests of termites, hard conical or culumnar objects dotting the plains, and looking from a distance like the kahki-colored tents of an encampment.

Soon the sugar cane patches grow more numerous, we pass the centrál of Don Rudolpho Chiari, president of Panama, and presently reach Agua Dulce.

This town, which is an important port, is the center of the salt industry. Indeed, its entire existence depends upon the salt which is crystallized in immense "pans" on the low mud flats about the town and is shipped far and wide. The visitor is often at a loss to understand how a town several miles inland can be a port, but like many other Latin American cities, the town was built at a distance from the sea to decrease the danger of piratical raids in the old days, while the port itself, or the "playa" as it is called, is at the water side. The town and port of Agua Dulce are connected by a splendid road, but as the port consists merely of a dock and a shed there is nothing of interest to be seen. Agua Dulce is by no means comparable to Penonomé or even to Antón, for cleanliness, neatness or attractions.

It is dirty and badly kept, it has few good buildings, the church has been thoroughly modernized, and the inhabitants have a greater admixture of negro blood than in the other towns. There are, however, a number of fairly good shops and several garages and filling stations in the town. Also, from Agua Dulce several side trips may be taken to Pocrí, Chitré, etc.

But the main road runs on to Santiago, the ancient picturesque capital of Veraguas province.[1] Beyond Agua Dulce the same flat llanos extend, almost deserted except for herds of rather scrawny, undersized cattle and an occasional native hut. Altogether it is such a scene as one might expect in South Africa. There are the same conical ants' nests, often ten to fifteen feet high, the kopjes, the distant hazy mountains, the thorny mimosa scrub, and one half expects to see a Kaffir kraal or a herd of ostriches or giraffes. But the nearest approach to giraffes are the woefully thin cattle and horses, while there is nothing more resembling an ostrich than the repulsive vultures and carrion hawks.

Now and then another car is met, usually a delapidated Ford; at times a bus or "chiva" tears by, bound for Panama and intermediate stops, and often we pass the big, lumbering, native bull carts creaking ponderously as they are drawn at a snail's pace by two or four great,

[1] The name Veraguas is of Indian origin and not Spanish as is generally thought. The ending "agua" is merely a coincidence and has nothing to do with the Spanish word "agua" meaning water. The same ending is found in many other Indian words and names such as Managua, Nicaragua, Comagua, etc.

long-horned bulls lashed by the horns to the cart's pole on which perches the swarthy, brigandish-looking driver.

Bird life, too, is abundant. Little flocks of ground doves flutter from the roadway. Graceful quaker-gray swallow-tailed flycatchers dart back and forth as they capture tiny insects. Bold-eyed hawks look disdainfully down from the telegraph poles, and sweet-voiced meadow larks sing from fence posts and shrubbery.

At Estrella, a tiny village about ten miles from Agua Dulce, the road forks, the right hand branch proceeding to San Francisco. But it is almost impassable, even for a Ford, and the main highway stretches straight ahead.

Scenically, however, the old road through the hills is more attractive, and the visitor who is fond of nature and horseback riding, might do worse than take this trip. It leads past the Santa Rosa sugar estate and hence through rugged and picturesque country among the foothills of the cordilleras,—crossing tumbling rivers where one must swim one's horse; meandering through dense thorny jungles; following the verges of deep ravines; passing through narrow defiles with scarcely space for a horse to pass. Here and there are bare

areas of brilliant red, purple, yellow and green earth dotted with lumps and boulders of agate, while often one rides for long distances through areas covered with silicified trees. Some of these stumps are standing as if freshly cut; others lie about in short smooth-ended sections as if sawed for cordwood, and still more are scattered about like newly broken sticks and branches. Indeed, one cannot believe that they are flinty hard agate until closely examined and tested.

On the main road also, there are spots where these fossil trees may be seen, but these and the agates are far less numerous than farther back near the mountains. Beyond Estrella the first village worthy of the name is Davisa, about halfway between Agua Dulce and Santiago. Beyond here the plains grow more restricted, there are more hills, and presently one is constantly ascending and descending sharp grades. Then at last the road comes forth from the broken country and ahead sweep broad plains stretching to the far off mountains, and with the little town nestling, white and red, upon the level land.

CHAPTER XI

VERAGUAS THE GOLDEN

Santiago and its environs. The old metropolis. A country of gold. Ancient mines. Mineral wealth. San Francisco de la Montaña. The ancient church. Mountain towns. The Lake of Death. Where time has stood still.

Today, Santiago is of little importance, a town of some five or six thousand inhabitants, a town of low, one-storied typically Spanish-American buildings, of cobbled, grass-grown streets. A sleepy, ancient town with picturesque inhabitants, a pretty plaza and a fine old church whose tower—more's the pity—has recently been torn down and rebuilt in hideous modern style.

In the past, however, Santiago was second only to Panama in its wealth and importance. Situated in the richest gold producing district in the world at that time, the town was the center of culture and society. Rich and prom-

inent families of old Spain dwelt here in princely style; its slave market, its stores and its industries brought trade from far and near and from the mines and placers of the surrounding hills gold in millions flowed into Santiago to eventually be shipped to Spain.

So great was the commercial prominence of Santiago that merchants came from Costa Rica and other countries to purchase goods in the Santiago markets and the Santiago merchants in their turn made long journeys to Jamaica, England, Spain and even to the United States to purchase stocks for which they paid in raw Veraguas gold. Even during the last century ships sailed from New York for Santiago direct, anchoring in Montijo Bay, whence the cargoes were carried by ox cart and mule train to the city. Indeed, Santiago's prominence and wealth continued long after the other interior cities had fallen into decadence and up to 1850 practically all the commerce of the Isthmus was in gold won from the mines about Santiago. It is impossible to say just how much gold has been taken from the Veraguas mines and placers, but it must be incalculable. In 1570 over two thousand slaves were employed in Veraguas mines while records show

that at that time from eight hundred to one thousand pounds of gold were taken annually from the mines of the district. Still a better idea of the vast amounts of precious metal produced by Veraguas may be obtained from the old treasury bills. In the Spanish days the Crown received a "quinto" or one-fifth of the gold exported and, by examining the old accounts, we find that in one year the Crown received over 20,000 castillanos as its share so, in other words, not less than 1500 pounds of solid gold were exported annually from Veraguas! And this does not include the gold which went into private pockets or to the Church, and the Church received a very large share.

This being the case the question at once arises as to why Verguas produces practically no gold to-day. There are several reasons for this. In the first place, the Spaniards worked their mines with Indian slaves and later with negro slaves and labor cost them nothing aside from the poor food and poorer quarters furnished the men. Oftentimes the Indian slaves revolted, killed the Spaniards and destroyed the mines while the negroes ran away. Then came the unsettled times when Spain's colonies

were struggling for independence and mines were abandoned, owners were killed in battle, slaves were freed and all industries were upset. About 1849–50 the advent of the Californian Argonauts and the Panama Railway caused food stuffs and other supplies to be so greatly in demand that prices reached heights where they were practically prohibitive in the interior and mines were given up as they could not be profitably worked. Finally, many of the richest of the old mines were placers and were worked out, but the methods used in those days were very crude and many of the abandoned mines could be worked at a good profit to-day. No doubt richer deposits than ever known are still hidden in the mountains and hills of Veraguas, for the province is marvelously rich and certain sections are perhaps more highly mineralized than any other part of Spanish America, if not of the world. Aside from gold, silver, copper, iron, tin, lead, zinc, bismuth, antimony, mercury, manganese and oil are well known to exist in paying quantities in Veraguas.

At the present time (1926) Veraguas is again coming into prominence as a possible mining El Dorado. Several companies are at work in the province, the most notable being an English

corporation which has taken out vast concessions for prospecting and development work. According to the company's reports, they have located gold and other mineral deposits of incredible richness and extent. But it is well to take such statements with even more than a grain of salt. Even if their reports are in no way exaggerated, the results, for many years to come, may be far from as remunerative as one might suppose. Transportation in the mountainous areas is tremendously costly, especially where heavy machinery must be transported, and a stupendous amount of money must be expended in preliminary work before there are any returns. But by all means let us hope that Veraguas does once more regain its old-time prestige as a mining center.

As there are really fairly good hotels in Santiago and as all about are interesting trips and towns, it is an excellent place to select as headquarters while traveling about the district. From here roads lead to San Francisco de la Montaña—a mountain town about ten miles distant and which can boast an ancient church built in 1522 and the most unique church in the republic. This church alone is well worth a trip, for it is entirely furnished with altars, pul-

pits, shrines, fonts, reredos and other fixtures of native cedar carved by the old Mission Indians, and the combination of Indian and ecclesiastical designs is very remarkable. It also contains some tattered but fine old Spanish paintings and tapestry, while beneath it, so tradition says, is a fortune in raw gold,—twenty pounds being buried beneath each of its supporting pillars of which there are about fifty. Aside from the church, San Francisco itself holds little of interest, but near by there is wonderfully grand and beautiful scenery with dashing rivers and roaring cataracts, such as Carabali Falls where a good-sized stream drops over a sheer precipice three hundred feet in height.

From San Francisco also, one may visit the hot springs of Calobre or the old town of Santa Fe in the very heart of the Cordilleras. La Mesa, Las Tablas and many other old mountain towns are within easy reach while, not far from Santa Fe, is the so called "Lake of Death," a weird and lonely pool among the hills;—a strange forsaken place; a lake of milky water a draught of which spells almost instant death.[1] All

[1] Analysis shows that the water contains a high percentage of arsenates.

about its blackened, muddy shores are strewn the bleached bones of countless birds and beasts which, unwittingly, have come to drink and have succumbed upon the spot. Even flies and other insects, which alight upon the shores, are stricken ere they can take wing. No wonder superstitious natives look upon it as something supernatural and to be avoided, for truly it is a most uncanny, repulsive, but none the less interesting phenomenon.

In the other direction from Santiago are roads leading far across the plains to Soná and Las Palmas and to Tolé and Remedios in Chiriqui; fine and interesting journeys for those fond of roughing it and who are tireless horsemen, but scarcely to be recommended as pleasure jaunts for the ordinary visitor to the Isthmus.

Still another road leads to Puerto Mutis, where one may meet the coastwise steamer for Panama and thus make the round trip without covering the same ground twice while, most interesting of all, are the trails leading out from Santiago to the quaint, nearby villages such as La Colorada and Atalaya; villages where time has stood still, where one seems to have stepped

back four hundred years to the days of Pedrarias and Nicuesa.

These villages, which have remained practically unchanged for centuries, are in sharp contrast to the majority of interior villages, for they are neat and clean with their little adobe and thatched houses built in a square or rectangle around an immense public green or portrero.

Many of the houses are of wood, often they have roofs of old Spanish tiles, they are well separated and surrounded by corrals and flower gardens and are shaded with magnificent trees, with here and there a slender coconut palm waving its fronds in the gentle breeze.

In the center of the big plaza stands the ancient, weather-beaten church, built by the long-dead friars who accompanied the conquistadores when they hewed their way into the interior, and despite the forays of the Indians, founded the little settlements which still remain and wherein one still finds the names of the old hidalgos perpetuated in their descendants of to-day. Patriarchal and almost communistic are these villages, with little recognition of the Republic's sovereignty, the local Alcade or Corregidor being merely a figure-

head, while the headman,—usually the eldest member of the most important family, is supreme. Among the five or six hundred inhabitants of one of these villages one seldom finds more than five or six families and although they have intermarried for generations yet they are a splendid race physically, the men often six feet or more, strong and robust; the women often handsome and with fine figures and with both men and women often fair haired and blue eyed. Of pure Spanish blood, the old families that dwell in these isolated villages still speak Castillian, they dress as did their ancestors in the days of Balboa,—the men in loose blouses and short trousers of homespun cotton; the women in the attractive "Pollera" seen only during carnival time in Panama and Colon. They use the ancient "cross" money of the days of the buccaneers; their saddles are patterned after those of the Spaniards; they still use the brass, shoe-shaped stirrups of the caballeros or the silver stirrups of the Moors and many of them still possess the old Toledo swords which have been handed down from their ancestors,—proud grandees of old Spain.

Temperate, honest and industrious,—in many of the villages no liquor is permitted,—these

people are a delightful contrast to their neighbors, but even they, owing to the fact that their wants are few and easily satisfied, do not cultivate the crops nor raise the cattle which they might easily do. But there is no real poverty among them; all are well-to-do as far as horses, cattle, rice fields, grazing land, gardens and houses are concerned, and as everything they eat, wear, need or use is grown, raised or made by themselves they never need stir from the vicinity of their native villages unless from choice. Seldom indeed do strangers visit them. Once or twice a year the Padre goes his rounds, baptizes those who have been born, marries those who desire it, says prayers for the souls of the departed; christens and confesses and absolves and goes his way. Twice a year too, at Christmas and during Carnival time, these people celebrate with dances, music, feasts and masquerades. Out door sports, games and tests of strength and skill are held; there are rodeos with bull-dogging, bull riding, lassoing and other contests among the young men, and these events, with their daily toil, their gossip and their leisure make up their lives.

Nations may rise and fall, great wars may be fought and peace made; the outside world

may marvel at some wonderful invention; man may conquer the air or the deep sea; pestilences may sweep off thousands or some great cataclysm may destroy whole cities; but these happy people neither know nor care. Their world is their village and no doubt a century hence they will still be living as they are today;—as they did three centuries and more ago.

CHAPTER XII

HERE AND THERE IN CHIRIQUI

The sanitorium of Panama. How to reach Chiriqui. Steamer to Chiriqui. Passing Punta Mala. Coiba the penal colony. Strange sea snakes. Charming islands. Bahia Honda. An ideal spot. Pedregal. The Chiriqui Railway. David. Country about David. From David to Boquete. Resources of Chiriqui. A wonderful country. Trees and plants. The Quetzal. The Guacas or Indian graves. Looting the graves. The province of Bocas del Toro. Almirante. What the Fruit Company has done.

Containing within its borders the highest mountains of the Isthmus, blessed with a wonderful climate and possessing marvelously beautiful scenery and innumerable attractions, Chiriqui province may well be called the sanitorium of Panama.

Unfortunately however, it is not easy of access and accommodations for visitors are limited to the Hotel Lino, conducted by Americans and charmingly situated at Boquete nearly four thousand feet above sea level.

To visit Chiriqui one must travel for twenty-four hours or more on one of the little Panamanian coasting steamers, and even this will

entail not a few hardships and many discomforts, beginning with the moment the traveler boards the local coasting steamer at Panama.

These boats are little flat bottomed affairs which have been abused, neglected and mishandled for so many years that one marvels that they ever reach their destinations. Fortunately the Pacific is usually calm near shore, the runs are short and, on the outward trip from Panama, the vessels seldom are crowded or overloaded. But on the return journey it is very different. Often, a vessel supposed to carry less than sixty passengers will take on over one hundred, in addition to hundreds of head of cattle and pigs. Formerly, too, the vessels were veritable death traps with no life preservers worthy of the name and with rotten, leaky boats. But within the past few years many improvements have been made in the coastwise service, though the boats are still the ramshackle, unseaworthy old tubs as of yore. They have been fitted with electric lights, there are plenty of life preservers on hand, the life boats are in good shape and the cabins are clean and well kept. Also, most of the boats are now commanded by Danish or English skippers

CHOKOI INDIANS READY FOR A DANCE, DARIEN

A CHOKOI FAMILY ON THE TUIRA RIVER, DARIEN

who take pride in keeping their little vessels as shipshape as possible and who really are seamen.

The voyage by steamer may be made either direct from Panama City or, if one has traveled through Veraguas and can make the connection, the steamer to Chiriqui may be taken at Puerto Mutis, as the vessels at times stop there en route. But as the schedules of these little ships are never twice alike, and as the agents in Panama seldom can tell what they will be in advance, it is a wise plan to take passage from the capital.

Passing close to Taboga, and in the lee of the shore, the sail across the Bay of Panama is smooth and pleasant until Punta Mala is reached.

Here it is almost always rough and one realizes, as the tiny steamer is tossed and buffeted about and creaks and protests in every joint, why the cape was given its suggestive name of "Bad Point." But the rough water is of short duration and beyond the cape the sea is again tranquil with numerous islands looming upon the horizon ahead. Many of these are large and heavily wooded, the largest being Coiba nearly fifty miles in length and now the site of the Re-

public's penal colony and a regular point of call for many of the coastwise steamers.

In the waters about Coiba one often may see vast numbers of sea snakes, true sea serpents in miniature, spotted yellow and brown creatures whose bite is deadly and which swarm in countless thousands in these seas and are eagerly preyed upon by great flocks of frigate birds, gannets, gulls and pelicans, which swoop down from above, and by schools of porpoises and an occasional whale which attack from below. Indeed, when one sees the numbers of birds and cetaceans feeding upon the serpents one marvels that any of the reptiles can survive. Here too, one often may see giant devil fish or rays, fifteen or twenty feet across their wing—like fins, as they leap yards in the air and crash into the sea in a shower of spray.

Beyond Coiba are more islands, charming, picturesque, wooded spots; delightful sites for residences with their water-carved grottoes and caverns, their tiny beaches and luxuriant foliage, while the waters about teem with fish, the reefs are covered with pearl shells and on the neighboring mainland is abundant game.

Almost abreast of Coiba lies Bahia Honda,

probably the finest natural harbor on the Pacific coast of America, and one of the most beautiful spots in the world. Almost landlocked, with precipitous, rocky islets guarding its entrance, Bahia Honda forms a huge, semi-circular bay reaching miles into the land and with deep water within a few yards of its shores. On every side rise verdured hills stretching away to cloud draped mountain summits, while between them are glorious, green valleys smiling in the sun and watered by crystal streams. The land is marvelously fertile, the forests are filled with valuable timber, game abounds, the waters teem with fish and pearl shell and there is mineral wealth in the hills. One cannot imagine a more perfect site for a great winter resort hotel, for here are ideal conditions for boating, bathing, out-of-door sports, hunting, fishing and indeed every attraction; but to-day it is almost forsaken and uninhabited; a few scattered huts being the only signs of man.

The port of entry for Chiriqui is Pedregal, four and one half miles from the capital, David, with which it is connected by the Chiriqui Railway. This road which is of narrow gauge construction and extends inland to

Boquete, 32 miles distant, is a burlesque of a railway, for nine times out of ten one finds that it is not operating and that motor car, hand car or horseback are the only means of reaching one's destination. Quite recently however, the government has taken steps to make this road a transporation system in fact as well as in name and competent engineers have been sent to make a report and recommendations as to what should be done, so by the time this book is published it may be possible to depend upon the railway to reach Boquete.

David, the third most important city of Panama, is of comparatively recent origin and is most beautifully situated in a wide, luxuriant valley with the foothills rising upwards to the cloud-piercing heights of Chiriqui Volcano nearly eight thousand feet above the sea.

The town is well laid out, with wide, straight streets; there are many excellent stores and fine residences, a pretty plaza and a population of about six thousand people, nearly all of whom are of Spanish descent.

As one travels from David to Boquete the wonderful fertility of the soil, the exceptional opportunities for cattle raising, agri-

culture and development, are everywhere evident. From the coast, the country rises in broad plateaus, like a series of terraces, at elevations of from one to two thousand feet, to the foothills and everywhere covered with deep, rich, black soil and bearing a most luxuriant vegetation.

Although so far from Panama and with such poor transportation facilities, yet Chiriqui to-day has a greater area of well cultivated land than any other district, and still it is almost untouched and undeveloped. Rubber, cocoa, coffee, tobacco and all tropical crops, as well as everything grown in temperate zones, may be raised to perfection in Chiriqui, for there is every possible variety of soil and climate. On the hills and highlands are vast quantities of valuable timber, while on the mountains are forests of oak, and the mineral wealth is tremendous, although absolutely untouched.

In traveling from David to Boquete, one passes through a charming country with forests of great trees rising to one hundred feet or more, ablaze with scarlet, mauve, yellow and white and hung with air plants, orchids and trailing lianas. Here, on these mountains

with their dense oak forests, rushing streams and roaring cataracts, is the home of the famed Quetzal or Resplendent Trogan the sacred bird of the Aztecs and rivaling in beauty the birds of Paradise with its yard-long tail and fern-like wing covers of metallic, emerald green, its recurved crest and its scarlet breast.

Here too, in ages past, dwelt vast numbers of a long dead and forgotten race whose graves or "guacas" lie scattered about and which have provided many a native with a source of revenue, for they all contain pottery, stone weapons, stone stools and similar objects and many have ornaments and implements of solid gold.

Indeed, guaca opening was formerly one of the divertisements of the visitor to Chiriqui and while one might open a number of the ancient graves without being rewarded with golden curios, still there was always the chance, the excitement and thrill of treasure hunting, the gambling fascination of not knowing what might be revealed when the last stones were removed and the resting place of the long dead chief exposed.

Although countless thousands of these guacas have been opened and looted of their con-

tents there still remain uncounted thousands. At one time, opening the graves became a systematized and regular vocation and it is said on good authority that over half a milion dollars' worth of gold has been taken from the guacas of Chiriqui. Two years ago, however, the Panama government very wisely passed a law forbidding opening these graves or disturbing any other prehistoric remains except for scientific research and with special permission of the government.

The exportation or sale of all aboriginal antiquities were also prohibited except with special permits, and while the law is undoubtedly violated very frequently it has put a stop to much of the former vandalism and is a great step in the right direction.

Across the Cordilleras from Chiriqui,—bounding Chiriqui on the north and bordering on Costa Rica,—is the province of Bocas del Toro, a fertile and rich district which has been exploited by the United Fruit Company which has enormous banana and cocoa plantations here. This company has built docks and piers at the town of Almirante on Almirante Bay; it has established hospitals and a wireless station and operates a railway about one hundred and

fifty miles in length. Aside from the Fruit Company's plantations, and the beauties of Almirante Bay, there is little to interest the stranger at Bocas del Toro, the Panamanian town of that name, and which is the capital of the province, being a small, but attractive place of about five thousand inhabitants.

However, Bocas del Toro and Almirante are easy of access as the ships of the United Fruit Company make it a regular point of call and, in addition, launches and sail boats make regular trips to and from Colon.

CHAPTER XIII

DARIEN THE LITTLE KNOWN

The least known part of Panama. Journeying to Darien. From Panama to Garachine. Garachine a forlorn town. Scenery of San Miguel Gulf. La Palma. A disappointment. People of Darien. Forest riches of Darien. Chipogana and El Real. Poverty stricken towns. Inhabitants of El Real. The aborigines. Up the Tuira River. River travel. Life and scenery along the river. Game. Pinogana. The first Indians. At the Chokoi village. Dances and customs. The Darien mine. Riches of Darien. Up the Chucunaque. Yaviza. Old ruins. Across Darien to the Atlantic. What the old Dons did.

Of all portions of Panama the Darien district is the least known, the richest in natural resources, the most difficult of access, the most intimately associated with the early history of the Isthmus and the first portion occupied by Europeans.

Originally the term Darien was applied to all that portion not included in Veraguas; but today it is confined to that portion of the prov-

inces of Panama and Colon lying between the Bayano River and the Colombian frontier. Indeed, strictly speaking, it is an area rather than a district, for it has no definite boundaries and no political, geographical or official status or existence.

A very large portion of this area is so totally unknown and unexplored that it is of interest only to the scientist, the lumberman, the prospector, or the hunter and can only be visited by those accustomed to enduring hardships and the roughest of out-of-doors life. But there is much of Darien which can be visited with comparatively little discomfort and these portions hold the greatest interests for the layman.

To reach Darien the traveler should take steamer or launch from Panama City for Garachine, La Palma, Chipogana or El Real, the port selected depending entirely upon whether the vessel stops there or not, the last named port being the furthest inland and the most desirable as a starting point for the interior.

Little need be said of the trip across the Bay of Panama and along the coast to the entrance of San Miguel Gulf, for it is but a repitition of all the other malodorous, uncomfortable trips by Panamanian coastal steamers.

LA PALMA, DARIEN

A STREET IN EL REAL, DARIEN

Garachine, the first port of call on the easterly shore of San Miguel Gulf, is a miserable spot, a collection of flimsy cane huts built along the narrow strip of beach between the water and a vast swamp. During the dry season it is not so bad, but in rainy weather the inhabitants must be obliged to travel by boat from hut to hut.

Filth and refuse are everywhere and pigs, children, chickens and live stock root, wallow and play in the piles of rotting oyster shells and garbage under the houses. The country is flat and low, mosquitoes make life a constant misery and while a little agriculture is carried on it is altogether a most God-forsaken and forlorn spot.

Oil however, is known to occur in the vicinity, exploration and prospect work is being carried on and at any time the place may spring into world-wide prominence and may become a wealthy, thriving community.

Beyond Garachine, the Gulf narrows and the scenery becomes most fascinating, with picturesque, wooded islets and varied shores of hill and valley, all clothed in a mantle of most luxuriant green.

The next stop for the launch or steamer is

La Palma, a most attractive appearing village as seen from the sea, with its houses rising from the waterside on stilts and climbing up the steep hillside beyond and with feathery palms nodding above their sharp, peaked roofs. But distance lends enchantment to the view for, upon landing, one finds La Palma only a shade better than Garachine. It is not so dirty, for the situation of the place is such that nature attends to sanitation and all filth is washed into the gulf whenever it rains, but the inhabitants are the same type of colored and negroes,—mainly descendants of the old Cimmarroons,—there is no industry or business in evidence and the sole occupations of the people appear to be cock fighting and killing time.

There are however, a few fairly good wooden buildings and apologies for shops; but the only drinking water is obtained from wells or springs which are at the base of the hillside cemetery. From the hilltop back of the town one may secure some magnificent views with the broad mouth of the Tuira River stretching away to the hazy, forest clad shores of the gulf and dotted with islands, while afar off,

and barely discernible, is the sparkling line marking the vast Pacific.

All along the river, as one travels onward, are wonderfully fertile and level lands perfectly adapted to agriculture, but untouched and uncultivated for mile after mile, until the little village of Chipogana is reached,—a mere collection of ramshackle huts on the bank of the river.

All of this district is covered with a wealth of valuable woods and during the war quantities of fustic, cocobolo, mahogany and cedar were shipped from Chipogana, El Real and other ports. Across the river at the mouth of the Savanna River an American lumber company has immense holdings, but comparatively little work is being done. Some idea of the amount of valuable timber which exists in Darien may be gained from the fact that in clearing a few acres of land near El Real a native destroyed over one thousand cocobolo trees.

About five hours after leaving Chipogana the boat reaches the mouth of the Chucunaque, and swinging to the right, continues up the Turia, passing the old ruins of El Real de Santa

Maria, the first settlement on the Pacific slopes and arriving a little later at its modern namesake.

This miserable village with the high sounding name is a straggling array of cane huts built on a tongue of level land at the junction of the Pirri and Tuira Rivers and is as filthy, forlorn and miserable a hole as one can well imagine. Its one redeeming feature is beautiful Mount Pirri looming above the plains to the south. It is the hottest place I have ever seen and all drinking water must be brought from far up the Pirri River as the streams near the village are thick with mud.

In the prosperous days of the old Darien or Cana mine, El Real was of some importance as the terminus of a road leading thereto, but to-day, it has no possible excuse for existence.

The inhabitants are miserably poor and yet all about are untold riches to be had with little toil; but, like their neighbors of the district, they are too lazy and apathetic even to cultivate enough to feed themselves.

And yet they are willing to risk the little they do possess by gambling and cock-fights and apparently their only object in earning a few

A BIG TREE, DARIEN (NOTE COMPARATIVE SIZE OF MEN IN CANOE)

CHOKOI INDIAN GIRL, DARIEN

pesos is in order to gamble with one another.

Nevertheless, there are several stores,—kept as usual by Chinese—and the government maintains a school, for no matter how isolated or forlorn a village may be the Board of Education hunts it out and establishes a school of some sort.

At El Real the visitor may see a few Indians, naked save for loin cloths, shock-headed and often painted, who have come down the Tuira or Pirri rivers to trade; but to see the primitive Indians at home one must secure a dugout cayuca or, as they are called in Darien a "Pirogua" and two boatmen and must be poled up the Tuira to the Indians' villages, the first being barely a day's travel by canoe up the Tuira River.

In traveling up the rivers in Darien the boatmen stand on the flattened, overhanging ends of the dugout,—which are designed for this purpose,—and propel the craft by long poles much as punting is done in England. As the current is swift most of the upstream work is done at flood tide, for the enormous tides of the Pacific affect these Darien streams for long distances inland, or to the first steep

rapids. In coming down however, one drifts mainly by the current, running rapids and small falls, and only using the poles to guide the craft or when the lower stretches of the rivers are reached and the tide is unfavorable.

Above El Real much of the country is flat or rolling and covered with cane breaks and low scrub, but in places, there are extensive open forests and many of the trees are gigantic. Bird life is very abundant and on nearly every isolated tree one may see great numbers of the long, pendant, pouch-like nests of the yellow-tailed Caziques, while toucans, trogans, parrots and other tropical and bright-hued birds are everywhere. Game too is abundant and deer, peccary, paca, tapir, wild turkeys and various game birds may always be secured by taking a short hunting trip into the forest and are often to be seen upon the river banks or swimming the streams.

About six hours above El Real, the little settlement of Pinogana is reached, a group of houses on the grassy bank and, unlike the other villages of the district, very neat and clean, with numerous fruit trees and quite a bit of cultivated land about it.

Soon after leaving Pinogana one may expect to see Indians at any moment, for the first villages are only a few hours distant and usually the first sight one has of the aborigines is a big dugout, drifting down the river towards the settlements, filled with fruit and rice and with naked Chokois standing at bow and stern guiding the craft with their long poles, their scarlet breech-cloths gleaming against their brown skins while, seated amid the cargo, are half-nude women and naked, brown-skinned children who gaze curiously at the white strangers as they pass.

Meeting them here upon the river in the wilderness, the traveler feels that he is remote from civilization, that he is indeed out of the beaten track; that at any moment he may meet with adventure; that just around the next bend of the stream some strange, unexpected sight may be in store. And in this he is not far wrong, for presently, as the canoe swings around the bend, we come suddenly upon a Chokoi village.

At the base of the high, clay bank a dozen cayucas are drawn up and ere our eyes grasp details brown-skinned figures are scurrying up the bank and out of sight to reappear, a mo-

ment later, peering at us from their point of vantage on the summit of the river bank. By the time our canoe has reached the landing place the men appear, the women and children having spread the news of our arrival, and troop down to the waterside to greet us.

Perchance, if fortune favors, we may reach the Chokoi village when the Indians are preparing for a feast and dance. As they dance and prance about to the dull boom of tom-tom and the shrill notes of reed flutes it is hard to believe that we are scarce one hundred miles from the Canal, that, within two days' travel, is Panama with its crowded traffic, its trolley cars and electric lights, its department stores and motor cars; that only the distance from New York to Philadelphia separates these primitive, painted, naked Indians from the roaring trains, the busy shops, the great hotels and the teeming, civilized, modern life of Balboa and Cristobal.

Two days' poling up the Tuira from the first Chokoi village is Boca de Cupe, a collection of thatched huts beside the river and once a busy settlement as it was the river port for the famed Darien mine with a railway connecting the two and vast quantities of sup-

plies passing through it. Millions have been taken from the old mine, but today it is forsaken and abandoned,—although still rich,—for it was not lack of mineral, but waste, dishonesty, inefficiency and graft that caused the company to fail.

Ever since the days of Balboa and Nicuesa, Darien has been famed for its mineral wealth and while there are no mines operated in the district to-day it is not for lack of deposits; but owing to the extreme difficulty of transportation and of prospecting, the hostile Indians, and the fact that few people realize the natural resources of the country. Practically every stream carries gold, there are deposits of copper, lead, cinnabar, manganese and other metals; oil is known to exist and some of the rivers' gravels carry platinum, while small emeralds have been found.

Indeed, the resources of Darien are practically identical with those of Colombia and there is no reason why they should not be when we stop to consider that merely an imaginary line separates the rich Atrato and San Juan districts from Darien.

Aside from its mineral wealth there are fortunes in timber, medicinal plants, dye

woods and other tropical products in the vast forests which stretch, almost unbroken, from Atlantic to Pacific and from the Atrato Valley to the Bayano,—a wilderness thousands of square miles in extent and largely unmapped, unexplored and absolutely unknown.

Within this area are great rivers and lofty mountains which no map shows, which no white man has seen; within it may be tribes and people, or even cities, of whose existence we have never dreamed. Indeed, from earliest times there have been rumors,—myths if you will—of a lost city upon an isolated mountain top,—a town of well built houses inhabited by a civilized, unknown race to which there is no access by road, trail or river. Without exception the Indians believe the tale, though none can claim to have seen the mysterious town, and always it has been scoffed at by the white man as a figment of the red man's imagination. But is it?

To reach the most unknown district of Darien, one must voyage up the Chucunaque; a trip of rare scenic beauty through forests of gigantic trees, up great tumbling rivers, through rock-filled rapids and plunging cataracts. However, one may see much of the

country, may obtain a very good idea of its resources and may enjoy adventure and thrills aplenty without traveling so far, for it is possible to follow in the footsteps of Balboa, and, ascending the Rio Chico, follow the Indian trails across to the San Blas villages on the Caribbean, where passage may be obtained to Colon.

At Yaviza, a little Panamanian village just above the Chucunaque mouth, the traveler may secure canoes and men to carry him to the first Chokoi villages on the Rio Chico. Here Indians may be engaged to continue the journey up stream to the villages of the "tame" Kunas and here it is easy to induce a Kuna boy or man to act as guide over the trail through the passes to the Atlantic Shore.

There is little doubt that this was the old route followed by the Spaniards in crossing the Isthmus in the days before the Gold Road and Panama were built, for, here and there along the trail, one finds bits of ancient brick and crumbling masonry hidden in the jungle while, across the river from Yaviza, are the ruins of a fort and town.

Even this trip is a hard, rough, tiresome journey full of hardships and a test of endur-

ance for a white man and one marvels how the Spaniards ever made it or how they won their way across the Isthmus and into remote corners of the New World.

Indeed, we must take off our hats to the old Dons and, despite their many failings, their cruelties and their unprincipled deeds, must give them everlasting credit and admiration for what they accomplished under inexpressible handicaps.

Let any one tramp through the steaming jungles of Darien, or ride through the rugged foothills and sky-piercing peaks of the Cordilleras over the awful trails of to-day and one can begin to realize of what stuff the conquerors were made. Even when provided with every modern appliance and comfort in the form of clothing, canned foods, weapons, matches, cooking utensils and camping outfits such trips are bad enough.

But imagine what it must have meant to have hewn a way through such country loaded down with armor, battling with hostile Indians who disputed each foot of the way; armed only with swords, halberds, crossbows and archaic matchlocks; knowing nothing of the insects, of malaria, of tropical diseases; un-

equipped and without medicine; depending on living off the country for food, ignorant of localities and with no maps to guide.

Think of the blazing sun beating for hours upon casque of steel upon one's head; think of the torture of sand flies, red-bugs or ticks beneath a coat of mail; think of the horrors of silken hose, of velvet trunks, of leather doublets when soaked with tropical rain and steaming under an equatorial sun and then we may begin to appreciate what the Spaniards underwent, what they bore, what they survived in their lust for gold, their zeal to Christianize, their mad desire to conquer and add new lands to Castile and to Leon.

Indomitable they must have been,—men of iron with muscles of steel,—supermen who knew not fear nor weariness nor pain; whose adamantine wills forced their worn and tortured bodies onward, overcoming all obstacles, surmounting all difficulties, knowing no such word as fail. No wonder that with such men to add glory to her crown, Spain became the mightiest nation of the world; no wonder that her gold and scarlet banners flaunted their folds from Florida to Cape Horn.

More cruel than the naked savages they

fought they may have been; heartless, bloodthirsty, almost inhuman monsters they were and while we must shudder at their deeds, must despise them for their acts and must loath them for their utter ruthlessness, yet we must admire their valor, their endurance, their steadfast adherence to what they thought their duty and we must admit that they were, as a westerner would put it real "he men."

CHAPTER XIV

THE INDIANS OF PANAMA

Prehistoric inhabitants. Remains. Ancient cultures. The Garden of Eden of America. Indians of Balboa's day. Indians of today. Number of tribes. Languages. Relationships. The San Blas tribes. The Kunas or Chuçunaques Juarros. The Chokois. The Coclé Indians. The Valientes or Boorabbis. The Shayshans. The Tisingal mine. The Guaymís. Aztec influence or blood. The Bogenahs.

To many persons, the aborigines of Panama are one of its most interesting features. That the Isthmus has been inhabited for countless thousands of years and was, perhaps, the birthplace of prehistoric American civilizations, makes the present-day Indians all the more interesting, both from a popular and a scientific viewpoint.

Throughout Panama, vestiges of a vast population of historic races are found, and as these are obviously of many different races and cultures, and of many distinct periods, we know that the Isthmus was inhabited for countless centuries, and that the prehistoric inhabitants

reached a high state of culture in Panama long before the Mayas, the Aztecs or the Incas.

In Chiriqui and elsewhere are countless graves or "guacas," as I have mentioned in a previous chapter, and the stone work and the pottery, as well as the golden ornaments found in these, show a high degree of artistic and cultural development. In Veraguas, a wholly distinct culture and a different race existed, while in Coclé prehistoric Panamanian culture attained its highest development. Strangely enough, very little in the way of prehistoric remains have been found further east and south than Coclé, and apparently the entire areas now known as Panama and Colon provinces were uninhabited by cultured races. Who the long dead races were, whence they came or what their fate, we cannot state positively. In certain ways some of their arts show a marked similarity to both Mexican and South American cultures, but the bulk of the material is wholly distinct. No one can yet say definitely whether the more northerly and southerly peoples influenced those of Panama or whether the better known civilizations of Central and South America had their beginnings in Panama. But recent discoveries in archeology, made by the

TUPI-TOWALI (SAN BLAS) MEDICINE MAN. SURROUNDED WITH HIS CHARMS, MEDICINES AND FETISHES

author in Panama, seem to indicate that Panama may have been the Garden of Eden of America, the spot where the most ancient inhabitants of middle America had their beginning, and, developing a high state of culture, migrated north and south and laid the foundations for the highly advanced civilizations of Mexico, Gautemala, Colombia and Peru.

Unfortunately, the prehistoric races of Panama left no hieroglyphs, no inscriptions that can be deciphered, and they left no great stone buildings or pyramids as far as known. What we learn of them, we must learn from studying their carvings, their ceramics, their graves, their implements and the massive stone monuments they left.

And we have little more in the way of reliable records regarding the Indians of Panama when the Spaniards first arrived on the Isthmus. The Dons were far more interested in looting the natives and destroying them than in studying their customs, relationships and languages. Here and there, in the old writings, we find mention of certain tribes; some of their dialects were recorded, and occasionally some priest or more scientifically inclined person recorded items of interest regarding the Indians. But

as a whole, the Spaniards looked upon the natives as inferior pagans and either enslaved them or slaughtered them at every turn. Of the several hundred tribes which inhabited the Isthmus in the early Spanish days, over one-half were completely exterminated within a quarter of a century, and today only those remain who managed to hold their own against the Europeans and who maintained their tribal independence.

Later, came the buccaneers, and these Englishmen, finding the Indians ready allies in any attempt against the hated Spaniards, always treated the aborigines well and were friendly with them. Moreover, among the wild and lawless corsairs were many men of education and scientific attainments. Such men as Esquemeling, Wafer, Ringrose, and more especially Dampier, the buccaneer naturalist, left long and accurate accounts of the Indians of their day, and from these we know that many of the tribes have changed but very little in customs, language or life since the days of the buccaneers.

But despite the efforts of the Dons to exterminate the Indians, despite four hundred years of Spanish and Spanish-American dominion, there are still fully one hundred thousand

Indians of pure blood within the Republic of Panama.

To most people this will come as a distinct surprise, and it is still more surprising to learn that there are at least fifteen distinct tribes living on the Isthmus, many of them as primitive, as aloof and as wild as in the days of Balboa.

Of all the Panama Indians the best known and the ones about which the greatest amount of misinformation has been circulated are the so-called San Blas. In Colon especially, one hears hair-raising tales about these people. It is said that they never allow a stranger to pass a night within their territory, and that they kill all outsiders who attempt to penetrate their district. One writer has gone so far as to describe the San Blas Indians as maintaining a constant vigil about their country with sentries posted on guard with Mauser rifles. Another wrote a book and many magazine articles relating the most thrilling experiences and hairbreadth escapes encountered in visiting these Indians, while still another tried to convince the public, and scientists as well, that among the San Blas was a huge colony of "white" Indians. As a matter of fact the San Blas are a peaceful, semi-civilized (and many wholly

civilized), people who dwell upon the islands and the adjacent mainland of the San Blas gulf, and who are in constant communication with Panamanians and Americans. They visit Colon regularly, and a number may always be seen about the streets of that city. There are trading stations on the islands; a large banana estate is in the heart of the San Blas district, and a large proportion of the Indian men have served on American whaling and merchant ships and on vessels of all nations.

The majority speak English more fluently than Spanish, and many are equally proficient in other tongues. Indeed, one Indian whom I employed had traveled all over the world and spoke at least ten European languages. Many have resided in New York and elsewhere in the United States, and, with few exceptions, they welcome visitors and have no objection to any one staying a day or a week among them. In fact many of the islands are model up-to-date settlements with straight, well-kept streets which are cleaned and swept daily, with village improvement societies, club houses dance halls, schools, street lights, phonographs and all other appurtenances and ideas of civilization. And it is a common thing for parties from

Colon, Cristobal and Panama to visit the Indians and secure curios, souvenirs, photographs etc. During a recent carnival at Colon I saw two San Blas chiefs with their wives and children driving about in an automobile and thoroughly enjoying the merrymaking, which, it must be confessed, savored far more of primitive savagery than any of the customs of these Indians. And today, scores of San Blas boys and girls are attending the various schools in Panama City and are proving the most intelligent and ambitious of scholars.

Strictly speaking, there is no San Blas tribe. The Indians so-called belong to the Towali, or as it is sometimes called, Tule, confederation made up of the four sub-tribes of the Kuna race. The four sub-tribes are the Kunas, the true Towalis, the Tupi-towalis and the Tegualas. Although, through intermarriage and admixtures, there is no hard and fast line drawn between the four, and in one settlement representatives of all may be found, still certain islands and certain districts are occupied wholly by one or another of the sub-tribes. So, too, all speak and understand the common Towali tongue, although the Kunas adhere to their own dialect among themselves, and the older

people of the various sub-tribes still retain a knowledge of their own original tongues. The emblem of the confederation is a four pointed star, each point representing one of the tribes and its relative position, the Kunas to the south, the Tupi-towalis to the east, the Towalis to the north and the Tegualas to the west.

In many customs and habits the four sub-tribes vary considerably, and, with few exceptions, all the tribesmen still retain their ancient rites, dances, decorations and traditions. At dances they wear feather crowns, elaborate bead, bone, teeth and other decorations, and paint their faces as in days of long ago. The medicine man or "Lele" still holds sway and is regarded with implicit belief and faith, and the various wooden and terra cotta idols or fetishes are still used. These, however, are not worshiped or regarded as sacred, but are merely proxies which, under certain conditions, are supposed to have the power of taking the place of living persons, becoming, so to speak, possessed of a spirit. Thus a so-called "god" placed at the doorway of a hut is supposed to keep guard and prevent unwelcome persons or evil spirits from entering during the owner's absence. Likewise, a medicine man visiting a

patient will place a wooden image under the sick person's hammock so that it will act in the doctor's stead until he comes again. And if an image proves inefficient the Indian does not hesitate to chop it to bits or to mutilate it and make another to take its place.

The men, when not attending dances or ceremonials, dress in conventional trousers, ready-made shirts, or more often shirts of San Blas make with tucks at shoulders and sleeves and chest, and for head gear don straw or palm-leaf hats many sizes too small for them. A battered Derby is a great favorite, but no matter what the head gear, the San Blas prefers to have a hat that balances precariously on the top of his occiput. No doubt this is a relic of old days when the feather crown was the universal headdress of the Indians, for the feather crown invariably perches on the top of the head. When at home, the men also wear huge disk-shaped or crescent-shaped earrings of thin gold. The women, however, still adhere tenaciously to their national costumes,—except on the thoroughly civilized islands, which is far more picturesque and attractive than any European dress. The costume consists of a loose smock-like blouse or "mola" of brilliant

hued cloth beautifully fashioned in elaborate designs in a sort of appliqué work, or rather, one might say, intaglio. In making these, a number of layers of vari-colored cloths are stitched together. The patterns or designs are then cut away through one, two or more layers, thus exposing the colors beneath, and the edges hemmed down with stitches so fine as to be scarcely visible. The patterns are more or less heraldic although so conventionalized as to be scarcely recognizable, the central motif representing the totem or clan mark of the woman's family. Often, too, all manner of odd patterns will be embodied in the design. Arabic and Roman numerals, letters of the alphabet, Chinese characters, airplanes or, in fact, anything that strikes the maker's fancy. The sewing on these molas is so fine and even that it seems incredible that it is all hand work. But, more remarkable still, the sewing is all done at night by the uncertain light of flickering oil dips.

In addition to the mola a short knee-length, skirt-like garment is worn consisting of a hand-dyed and stamped strip of heavy cotton cloth wrapped about the thighs. When fully dressed, or when not working, the woman wears a second

strip of gaudy cotton or calico wrapped about the hips and falling to the ankles and exactly like the sarong of the Javanese. About the neck are draped dozens of strings of beads, shells, teeth, fishbones and coins; immense gold disks are worn in the ears; a heavy gold nose ring of triangular shape hangs over the upper lip, and a brilliant red and yellow bandana handkerchief is draped, in Egyptian fashion, over the head and shoulders, while legs and arms are tightly bound with ligatures of beads so wound on as to form elaborate patterns of many colors.

Among some of the sub-tribes the women's hair is close cropped when married, whereas among others it is worn long through life. In all cases, the woman rules among the San Blas tribes. She is law unto herself; even the chiefs have little control over the female members of the community; all descent is by the female line, and mere man amounts to very little. When a man marries he is virtually the slave of his father-in-law until a female child is born of the union, and I knew one old fellow nearly sixty years of age who was still working for his father-in-law, for although he had half a dozen boys no girl had arrived in the family.

Moreover, a man owns practically nothing outright. All his possessions are, legally, so to say, the property of his wife or mother, and he cannot trade or sell them without feminine permission. For students of the woman suffrage and feminine emancipation problems, the San Blas offer a remarkable field for investigation.

Although today peaceful and quiet, desiring only to be left to themselves and to work out their own problems and salvation in their own way, yet in times past the Towali tribes were fierce and savage fighters. They are of Carib stock, and, like all the Caribs, were noted for their warlike tendencies, their superb skill in building and using boats (they are still marvelous sailors, especially in small craft) and their cannibalism. Indeed, the nose rings of the women are survivals of the old cannibal days.

In ancient times, when these Indians raided another tribe, the men were killed, and usually eaten, while the younger women were carried away as prisoners. In order to handle their captives more readily and yet not hinder their movements, the prisoners' noses were pierced and they were strung together like unruly bulls. In this way the pierced nose became the mark of an alien woman in the tribe, and it was

TEGUALA (SAN BLAS) INDIAN GIRL

but a step to the nose ring, which, originally a badge of servitude, later became a mark of distinction, for from slaves the women became rulers. Very probably the San Blas women originally possessed a distinct dialect unintelligible to the men, as do the women of other Carib tribes, but today this no longer exists. In the San Blas tribes the early buccaneers found ready allies, for the Indians, who had suffered at the hands of the Spaniards, were ready to join anyone who might help them wipe out old scores against the Dons. To the Indians' help, much of the buccaneers' success was due, and without their aid many of the most famous piratical exploits on the Isthmus would have been impossible.

Even today, the San Blas people cherish anything but friendly feelings for the Panamanians or any race of Spanish blood. Several uprisings have occurred, usually, I am sorry to say, due to the overbearing or short-sighted policy of the Panama government, while the last revolt was incited and fostered by an ill-advised and wholly irresponsible American who was later deported, and the unfortunate misunderstanding, during which several Panamanians were tortured and killed, was

smoothed out without further bloodshed. At the commencement of this trouble I was conversing with a Teguala chief who was in some doubt as to the wisdom of joining forces with the malcontents and came to Panama City to ask my advice. His reply to my query as to why the Indians were about to rise was as amazing as it was amusing. "We don't want to be civilized," he stated. "We want to live like Americans!"

Why, it may be asked, have so many tales been told of these Indians if they are so well known and so closely in touch with civilization? All the misinformation and fiction circulated about the San Blas are due to the popular confusion of these people with their relatives the Kunas. Although so closely related, and members of the same confederation, yet the true Kunas of the Interior of Darien are very different in customs, temperament and life. But even among the Kunas there is a vast amount of variation. The so-called "tame" Kunas dwell in harmony with their neighbors, and are as friendly and peaceful as the Towalis or Tegualas, whereas their neighbors the "wild" Kunas of the upper Cañazas and Chucunaque valleys are aloof,

semi-savage and do not welcome visitors, either white, black or colored. But they are not one-half as dangerous or as savage as they have been painted.

Their so called "forbidden district" is more of a myth than a reality, and there is no evidence to prove that they have ever killed or injured a white man, although strangers entering their territory are warned off and are threatened. No one with any sense of justice can blame the Indians for this, for wherever civilized man has entered Indian territory the Indians have suffered and have lost all. Very wisely the Kunas have decided that to permit one white man to enter their land means the entry of more, and they have no intention of letting gold and rubber seekers exploit their country and destroy their independence, their lives and their moral code. But once their confidence has been won, and they are sure the stranger seeks neither gold, lands nor other riches, they are friendly, hospitable and peaceful. Moreover, like all Indians I have met, once they are friends they are friends for all time. During the past year, while in Panama, three of the Kuna chiefs from the headwaters of the Chucunaque journeyed all the way to

Panama City to see me, having heard of my presence through San Blas tribesmen whom I had visited. Constant communication is maintained between the Kunas and the San Blas tribes, and in the homes of the most remote Kunas one may see sewing machines, alarm clocks, and other articles of civilization which have been brought in by the San Blas. Indeed, several of the San Blas chiefs are also high officials of the Kuna tribe, while Kunas of the Chucunaque are not infrequently to be seen among the Indians of the San Blas villages, for it is a short, and, for an Indian, an easy journey from the coast to the Kuna country.

In color, the Kunas are lighter than the average San Blas tribes, althought the latter vary from a coppery brown to a pale olive, according to tribe, and many of the women, and especially the young girls, are no darker than a brunette Caucasian, a fact that was noticed and dwelt upon by Dampier, Ringrose and others. The Kunas also average taller and are better proportioned than the coast Indians, which is to be expected as forest tribes are usually larger than seacoast tribes. Also, among the Kunas and San Blas, as among their neighbors and all Central and South

American Indians I have studied, albinos are not unusual.

It is probable that the percentage of these freaks is no greater among these tribes than among others, but owing to conditions and customs they appear to be more numerous. Today, albinos among these tribes are not destroyed at birth, if indeed they ever were, and, in the case of the island Indians, the albinos are more in evidence as every individual of a settlement or village may be seen by a visitor. But that anyone at all familiar with biology or with Indians could ever have been deluded into mistaking these abnormal beings for a distinct race seems preposterous. Brown fathers and mothers may have tow-headed, white-skinned, partially albino children, and they are most repulsive freaks. Owing to lack of pigment in the skin they do not tan but burn in patches or blotches; their eyes are weak and squinting, their skins are rough and pimply and they may be best described in the words of one observer who stated that they resembled "peroxide Swedes with barber's itch." Not far from the Kuna country, and even wilder and more feared by the natives than these tribesmen, are the Juarros, a nomadic, brown-skinned tribe of

which very little is known. They are in no way related to the Kunas, the San Blas or the Chokois, and speak a dialect wholly distinct from all other Panama tribes. They are strictly a hunting race, use extremely long blow guns and powerful bows and arrows and have seldom been seen by white men. Three individuals whom I met in the jungle, were peaceful but shy. But they gladly exchanged a blow gun, a bow and arrows and a feather headdress for beads and tobacco. They could not or would not give much information regarding their homes or their habits, stating merely that they were on a hunting trip, and that their country was somewhere about the headwaters of the Savanna River. Most numerous of all the Darien tribes of the interior are the Chokois, a good natured, peaceful brown race which extends far into Colombia and in Panama has spread as far westward as the lower Bayano River. Though even more in contact with civilization than the Kunas, yet the Chokois in many respects are far more primitive. Both men and women are practically nude, the men wearing merely a breech cloth, or at times a ragged shirt, and the women a strip of calico about the waist and falling to

the knees. To the visitor who has never seen primitive savages at home the Chokois will prove most interesting, especially as their villages are easy of access and they welcome strangers. Short, thickset, with slender limbs and wonderfully developed chests and shoulders; with coarse hair falling to their shoulders; with brown skins painted; with huge earrings of beaten silver, the Chokois completely fulfill one's ideal of the primitive Indian. But nearly all speak Spanish, they have adopted most of civilized man's vices, and they are far from over cleanly in habits or persons. Their houses, raised on posts ten feet or more above the earth, are reached by notched logs, and their home life is of the simplest. Scattered about, or hung on rafters, are baskets, earthen pots, dried corn and bundles of rice, and rolls of the soft bark cloth which the Indians use as beds and blankets. Squatted on the split cane floors are the women, cow-eyed, stupid-faced, and surrounded by their naked youngsters. In one corner of the hut a slow fire burns and beside it an ancient, shriveled hag cooks food in a huge earthen pot. Fastened to posts, standing in corners and tucked into crevices of the thatch, are queer figures carved from wood

and gayly painted, the household gods or fetishes of the Indians. There are gods for everything; gods of the hunt, of crops, of the house, of the children, of the dance, of fertility, of weather, of sickness, of health and of marriage. But it is when a dance or a feast is in progress or preparation that the Chokois are seen at their best. Then they are decked out to rival Solomon in all his glory and the lilies of the field as well. Fathoms of bright colored beads are draped over their shoulders and across their breasts; broad belts of beadwork encircle their bodies; gaudy bead head bands are about their black hair; on their heads are immense crowns of painted wood or bamboo strips; their arms and legs are weighted down with silver ornaments; necklets of mother-of-pearl and silver are about their throats, and their skins are painted with every color of the rainbow.

In sharp contrast to these primitive tribes of Darien are the Coclé Indians of the province of Coclé. Of a very different race from either the Chokois or the San Blas tribes, the Coclé Indians are the most highly civilized of all Panama tribes, despite the fact that for years they fought relentlessly against Spain and managed

to hold their own at that. Today, as I have already mentioned in another chapter, they have forgotten their own tongue and live in a far more civilized manner than their Panamanian neighbors. They are the most industrious inhabitants of the province and the only ones who till the soil, raise crops and gather rubber and other forest products. All profess Christianity, but they still retain some of their ancient beliefs and customs. They weave excellent hats, baskets and "chakaras" or bags, make bridles, saddle-pads and ropes of fiber and horsehair, manufacture splendid baskets and earthenware, and are adepts at wood carving. Once a year they don weird dance costumes of bark cloth with grotesque masks fitted with horns and the jaws and teeth of wild animals, and take part in the tribal "Kukwa" or devil dance. This dance, which has its counterparts in Peru, Boliva and elsewhere in South America, is supposed to exorcise all evil spirits for the ensuing year. The idea seems to be to outdevil the devil, to frighten him and his satellites by the dancer's horrible appearance, and to drive out any lingering spirits by beating and lashing everything animate and inanimate wherein the spirits might have sought refuge.

Prancing and shouting, waving their arms, striking to right and left with long-handled whips, the dancers are truly enough to put any self-respecting devil to flight. And, oddly enough, the Coclé Indians have selected the Catholic feast day of Corpus Christi as the most propitious date for their devil chasing, thinking no doubt that no devil could withstand both their antics and the Christian Holy Day.

Further west and north, in Bocas del Toro province, and especially about the shores of Almirante Bay and the Valiente Peninsular, are the so-called Valiente Indians, or more properly the Boorabbis. These Indians, while still retaining their tribal integrity and independence, as well as their ancient customs and their own tongue, are partially civilized and are quiet, peaceful and industrious. They dwell in neat huts placed here and there in the jungles near the shores of bays and rivers, and live mainly by hunting and fishing, though all raise enough fruits, vegetables, rice, etc., for their needs. They belong to the Guaymí race, but differ in many ways from the true Guaymís and are wholly distinct from the Darien tribes. Ordinarily both men and women dress in more or less conventional clothes, though

BOORABBI INDIAN MEDICINE CHIEF. BOCAS DEL TORO PROVINCE

NOTE SHARPENED TEETH AND ANT-BEAR HAIR CROWN

the dresses of the women are usually typically Indian in gaudy colors and ornamentation. But at dances, ceremonials, and when among themselves, the men wear feather headdresses and beautifully woven bead collars and breast ornaments, as well as plumes on arms, necklaces of teeth, girdles of human hair and numerous charms or fetishes. Both sexes paint their faces, the tribal mark being a line extending from the cheek to the bridge of the nose on both sides of the face, and both sexes sharpen their teeth. This custom, common to many tribes, is supposed to preserve the teeth. Perhaps it does, for the sharpened teeth prevent particles of food lodging between them and causing decay, and I have observed many very old Indians whose sharp-pointed teeth were in perfect condition. The teeth are not, however, filed to points, as is usually thought, but are chipped off by means of a stone and are then rubbed or filed smooth. In color, the Boorabbis are a light ochre, the women often pale olive, and they are better proportioned and larger than the San Blas tribes.

They make excellent dug-out boats, use cleverly designed harpoons and fish spears, as well as powerful bows and arrows, but do not use

blow guns as do all the Darien Indians. Oddly enough, although quite naturally when once we know the reason, the majority of the Boorabbis, even in the most remote districts, are deficient in Spanish but speak English fluently, while many bear English names. Moreover the English they speak is a strangely quaint old-fashioned dialect filled with such words and expressions as "gain we go"; "said man"; "methinks"; "marry"; "be it so"; "howsomever"; "perchance"; "belike," etc. And the explanation of this is as interesting as the dialect, if not fully as remarkable. In the days of the buccaneers, Bocas del Toro was a stronghold of the sea rovers. At the settlement now known as Old Bank the buccaneers foregathered, and here Bartholomew Sharp, Ringrose and Hawkins, Dampier and Wafer, Hoskins and Morley and many another famed corsair met and planned their raids on Spanish treasure vaults and galleons, and here they had their homes and, no doubt, left their progeny. And their firmest friends and allies, their guides and pilots, their hunters and their informants were the Boorabbis. Hating all things Spanish, and being friendly with the British, the Boorabbis or Valientes naturally picked up a working

knowledge of English and adopted English names. And throughout the years that have passed, the Indians have handed down their knowledge of English and their English names with many if not all the old-time obsolete words and expressions. And to this district also, came many of the refugees from the ill-fated Walker filibustering expedition to Nicaragua. Settling among the friendly, English speaking Indians, these American adventurers also left their influence. Once, in a remote spot, I came upon an aged woman, apparently white, living, except for her servants, alone in a tiny but neat house in a clearing in the jungle. She spoke perfect English, and to my amazement informed me that she was Mrs. Smith and an American. Inquiry elicited the information that her grandfather had been one of Walker's men and that the family had never left the little farm and home he had established in the jungle.

Besides the Borrabbis, another and wholly different tribe dwells within the confines of Bocas del Toro. These Indians whose territory is about the head waters of the rivers along the Costa Rican boundary, are the Shayshans, also known as Palenques or Terribis. Formerly a large tribe, the Shayshans, at the time I visited

them in 1924, had been decimated by influenza, and the tribe then numbered but forty-five individuals. As nearly all of these were suffering from the malady, or from tuberculosis which followed in its wake, the tribe may by now be practically extinct. The Shayshans are very different in every respect from all other Panama tribes. Many words of their tongue are distinctly Maya, their feather headdresses, worn on the forehead, are very similar to the headdresses depicted in Maya sculptures, and their noses are strongly aquiline.

Perhaps they are of Maya ancestry, or again the tribe may have been greatly influenced by the Mayas who had outlying colonies as far southward as Costa Rica. In color the Shayshans are copper-brown, varying to ochre-brown in the women. They are short, sturdy but well proportioned race, far quieter and more taciturn than the other tribes, and, in many ways far more intelligent than the average Central American Indian. They are strictly a forest dwelling people, their neat houses raised a few feet above the earth being built here and there on high bluffs near the mountain streams. They are ruled by a chief or *cacique* who appoints a number of ministers or councillors, each

representing the chief in a certain district, and all records, accounts and other data are kept by means of knotted strings. Although excellent hunters, using powerful bows and arrows, and blow guns in which clay pellets are used in place of darts, yet they depend largely upon forest fruits and vegetables for food. A wild potato, dwarf bananas, the nuts and flowers of the "piva" palm, native almonds, cacao and some corn and rice are their mainstays. In preparing cacao, the beans are roasted and ground and are boiled, the liquor being used like coffee. Their arts are comparatively few and their handicraft is rather crude. Baskets, chakara bags and some pottery, as well as grass or palm hammocks, are made, and they possess a wide variety of cleverly designed flutes, whistles and other musical instruments. Nearly all of the tribe speak some Spanish, and, with few exceptions, all wear, at ordinary times, clothing obtained through trade with the Indians nearer the Bocas del Toro or Costa Rican settlements.

They are a friendly, peaceful, hospitable race, although in times past they were valiant fighters, and they strongly discourage strangers who wish to penetrate the interior of their dis-

trict. Rumor has it that this is because they know the location of the famous lost Tisingal Mine and do not wish to have it rediscovered.

This ancient mine was, if we are to believe the old records, the richest gold mine the world has ever known. Having been destroyed by the Indian slaves, who revolted and massacred their Spanish masters, the Tisingal has been lost to man, and almost to memory, for centuries. Time and time again, some wanderer has reported finding it, and expedition after expedition has gone forth to locate it. But in every case they have failed. Some have been destroyed by sickness and some by hostile Indians. Some have never been heard from, and the lost mine still remains hidden deep within the mountain forests. Whether or not the Shayshans know the secret of Tisingal, I cannot state. But, during my stay among these Indians, a chief who had become very friendly guided me far into the jungles to a spot where there were the ruins of an ancient Spanish fort, a paved road and two antique bronze cannons half buried in the earth. These, he insisted, were the outlying fortifications that guarded the old mine. But he insisted that the "Doraks," whom I later suspected were synonymous with

the Shayshans, would destroy any stranger who attempted to locate Tisingal. How much of this was truth and how much fiction or imagination I do not know, but I am thoroughly convinced that I was nearer to Tisingal than any other white man has ever been and that I really looked upon the Spanish guns that once guarded the fabulously rich mine.

By far the most independent, the most superior and the least known of all Panama tribes are the mountain Guaymís of the unexplored interior of Chiriqui province.

Although the Guaymís of the outlying Indian district are in constant communication with the Panamanian settlements, and are familiar figures in Davíd, Remedios, Tolé and other towns, which they visit for the purpose of disposing of their wonderful pita-hemp bags, their coffee and their other products, yet their fellow tribesmen of the interior mountains are almost unknown to the outside world. Few strangers have ever attempted to enter far into their territory, and tales wilder than those related of the San Blas and Kunas are told of these mountain Indians. Weird stories are told of cities of strange people buried in the heart of the mountains, of head hunters, of cannibals,

and of how the Guaymís kill all who have the temerity to try to enter the Indian zone. The majority of such tales are, of course, purely imaginary, but there is no doubt that the average stranger is far from welcome, and that many men have been warned out of the country with threats of dire results if the warnings were not heeded. Within the past few years a party of ornithologists from the American Museum of Natural History in New York City were driven out of the Guaymí district when, after having received permission to enter, a member of the party was seen panning the sand in a stream. Suspecting that the bird collecting was merely a ruse to enter the country, and that the Americans were really searching for gold, the Indians promptly took measures to insure the strangers' hurried departure.

During my stay of many weeks among the Guaymís of the most remote and inaccessible districts I found them a splendid lot, far superior in every way to all other Central American Indians I have met, and in many ways much like our own southwestern tribes. Being strictly mountain Indians, and wholly unfamiliar with boats, and possessing excellent horses, the Guaymís are muscular, well built

and proportioned and are tireless mountaineers.

They are dignified in manner and have the erect, free and independent appearance of an unconquered race. In color they vary from a dark olive to an ochre-brown, but average lighter-skinned than the other Panama tribes.

Like the Boorabbis, who are of the same parent stock, the Guaymís sharpen their teeth. In many other habits and customs the two tribes are similar, and there is constant communication between the two tribes, although each speaks a distinct dialect. Both tribes take part in the stick-dance or "balsaría," and many of the headdresses and other adornments are common to both tribes; but aside from such similarities the two are wholly distinct. There are no Guaymí villages, the houses being isolated and often several days' travel apart, and as they are usually well hidden in the mountains it is difficult to believe that there are fully twenty-five thousand Guaymís under the rule of the three head chiefs, each of whom is supreme in his own district, although all the tribe and the two lesser chiefs acknowledge the sovereignty of the king or high-chief known as Montezuma. This name in itself would suggest

either Aztec blood or Aztec influence. But, in addition, about forty per cent of Guaymí words are distinctly Aztec; the insignia of the chief is the feather crown of the long green tail feathers of the Quetzal,—sacred bird of the Aztecs, and the spear throwing-stick still used by the Guaymís, and which, among the Aztecs was called "Atlatl," is known by the Guaymís as " 'Natdlei." Personally I am convinced that the Guaymís are of Aztec lineage, perhaps the descendants of an ancient Aztec colony or outpost.

The Guaymí houses are strongly built with walls of split timber and high peaked roofs of thick grass thatch, and are very large, often over sixty feet in length by thirty feet in width. Along one or more of the walls are a number of small platforms raised a few feet from the floor and partitioned or screened off by palm mats. Each of these is occupied by a family or an individual, so that the main building is, in effect, an apartment house and may contain as many as thirty or forty Indians. Unlike most Indians, the Guaymís are cleanly and enforce sanitary regulations. The houses are always built in such a position as to prevent drainage from reaching the drinking water supply, and

GUAYMÍ INDIAN IN DANCE COSTUME. CHIRIQUI PROVINCE

all washing and bathing are done below the point where the drinking water is obtained and down stream from it.

No domestic animals, except the dogs, are allowed in the houses; the earth floors are swept and cleaned constantly; food and water are kept in receptacles on platforms or suspended from hooks overhead and out of reach of dirt and dogs, and latrines are maintained at some distance from the house.

Ordinarily the women wear loose Mother-Hubbard-like dresses of bright colored cloth obtained through trade with the Boorabbis or with the outlying Guaymís, and decorated with appliqué designs in contrasting colors. The men wear short blouse-like shirts of the gaudiest hues elaborately decorated with appliqué work; and trousers of home-spun cotton or cloth with red, white, blue, green and yellow appliqué designs down the seams of the legs. Both sexes, however, strip to a loin cloth when traveling in rainy weather or when in their homes, and both sexes at times uear palm-leaf hats closely woven in attractive designs of black and white. About the crowns of these, bands of feathers are worn, thus giving the effect of a feather crown. As a matter of fact,

the Guaymí hat *is* a direct evolution from the feather crown, for, by adding a top, the palm-leaf framework of the crown became a hat. Very often, too, the band of feathers is worn without the framework, and for certain dances and ceremonials this is always the case. Although feathers of various colors and of many species of birds are used, those of the great egret and the Quetzal or resplendent trogan are confined to the use of chiefs, the Quetzal feathers indicating a tribal chief whose rank is indicated by the number of feathers and the admixture of feathers from other birds, while the egret plumes denote that the wearer is a dance chief. In addition to these, headdresses of hair from the tail of the giant ant-bear are used by the medicine-chiefs. Often, however, a man may combine the ranks of tribal chief, dance chief and medicine-chief, and thus he may wear any one of the official headdresses, according to the occasion and the capacity in which he is acting.

Both sexes paint or rather decorate their faces with black and red designs, and as all the designs used have a special significance and it is important that they should always be the same, carved wooden stamps are used for im-

printing the patterns on the skin. When fully dressed for state occasions, for a dance or a ceremonial, the Guaymí man is a brilliant and strikingly glorious barbaric figure. Upon his head is the feather crown of brilliant feathers; his face is half hidden under elaborate patterns of red and black paint; about his neck, and covering his chest, are collars of magnificent beadwork; hanging from his headdress over his shoulders, and about his waist as well, are braided scalplocks; his prowess as a hunter is shown by the strings of jaguar, puma and peccary teeth about his neck; his highly decorated blouse and trousers are ablaze with color; an almost priceless *chakara* bag of red, yellow and black,—so tightly woven as to hold water, hangs at his side and, if a ceremonial dance is to take place, he carries a painted drum, a cow-horn trumpet and a gourd rattle, while on his back is strapped the stuffed skin of an ocelot, a jaguar, an otter or some other creature, decorated, like the wearer, with bead collars, feathers and scalplocks.

These stuffed animal skins serve a very useful and necessary purpose in the dance. The favorite dance is the stick-dance compared to which our foot ball is a gentle game. As one

Indian prances and leaps about to the shrilling flutes, the sonorous horns, the shaking rattles and the throbbing drums, another Indian strives to bowl him over by throwing a seven-foot pole, sharp at the end and about three inches in diameter. If the dancer dodges the missile, the thrower exchanges places with him, but in case he is struck or knocked down the poor rascal must continue to serve as a target until he succeeds in dodging the stick. At such times the stuffed animals serve to protect the wearer's spine from injury. Broken limbs and bruised and cut bodies count for little, and, as the back and spine are protected—the dancer's back always being turned to the stick thrower—serious injuries and fatalities are rare.

During my stay among the Guaymís a special ceremonial and dance was arranged for my benefit and in my honor. At this ceremonial, which was held in a special "temple" or ceremonial house erected on a mountain top, nearly two thousand Indians were present, and the head chief, Montezuma, attended in person. All these tribesmen had been summoned by means of knotted strings of braided palm fiber. These were of white, or black, and of

various black and white patterns, the colors and designs indicating the class of message, while the knots conveyed the details. Not only was I permitted to witness the entire ceremonial, which was of a most sacred nature, but I was also initiated as a member of the tribe with the rank of medicine-chief. Having been rechristened "Cubiboranandí" which, freely translated, means the white man-who-came-over-water-and-became-a chief, I was decked with all the insignia and regalia of my new station. Thus having become a full-fledged Guaymí I took part in the ceremonial dance which followed. And all because I had cured the old dance chief who was suffering from colic!

I have already mentioned the throwing-stick used by the Guaymís. With this a Guaymí can hurl a six foot throwing-spear with incredible force and accuracy, and although they have excellent bows, they prefer the spear and throwing-stick whenever possible. Living as they do, among the most broken and rugged of mountains, and at an altitude of from four to five thousand feet, the Guaymís, as I have said, are born mountaineers. At dead of night they will traverse their country, afoot or on horseback, covering enormous distances and follow-

ing trails, which, in the daytime, make one's head swim. But the Guaymís think nothing of moving in stygian darkness over crumbling hogbacks less than two feet in width and with yawning thousand foot precipes on either side.

Although excellent hunters yet the Guaymís depend mainly on agriculture and possess well cultivated fields of rice, corn and vegetables, groves of coffee and cacao, and numerous half-wild cattle and tough, wiry mountain ponies.

Last of the more interesting tribes of Panama are the Bogenahs, a strange, almost unknown race totally distinct from all others on the Isthmus, and, perhaps,—indeed probably,—the most ancient and primitive of all. They are undersized, with long arms and slender limbs; orange-brown or copper-brown in color; with thick lips, flat noses, oblique eyes, narrow foreheads and with the lackluster eyes and unintelligent expressions of apes. Their hair is extremely thick, and coarse, and the men have straggling beards and mustaches which give them the appearance of Tibetans or other Mogols. They have no fixed homes, roaming here and there, subsisting on any game they can secure, and eating grubs, beetles, lizards or any living thing as readily as fish, birds or other

game. Their houses, erected only as shelters during the rainy season, are rude shacks of palm-leaf thatch; they have no arts or industries, and they are as inveterate thieves and as mischievous as monkeys.

Today the tribe is almost extinct and numbers but a few hundred individuals who live in the heart of the Guaymí country. Here they are kept in almost complete subservience by the Guaymís. They can have no chiefs of their own and are regarded as little better than animals by the Guaymís. But, despite this, they have managed to retain their tribal integrity, as well as their own language, their own customs, life and weapons. Indeed, so firmly fixed are these that, instead of the Bogenahs acquiring a knowledge of the Guaymí tongue, the superior Guaymís have been forced to learn the Bogenah dialect in order to communicate with their inferior neighbors.

CHAPTER XV

PANAMA FOR TOURISTS

Advantages of Panama. As a winter resort. Crossroads of the world. Tours and trips from Panama. The hub of Spanish America. Sample trips. Americans just discovering the Isthmus.

There is no spot in the American tropics, if indeed anywhere, that offers so many advantages to the tourist as does Panama. Whether the traveler is seeking a spot wherein to pass the winter months, or is merely making a hurried sightseeing tour, Panama offers many attractions which can be found in no other country. The climate is ideal for the tropics, and, unlike so many tropical resorts, every provision is made for successfully combating the objectionable features of a tropical land. No matter how hot it may be during the day and in the sun, the slightest shade, even the emaciated and shortened shadow of a palm tree, will be cool. With few exceptions a life-giving breeze blows steadily, and the nights, even in the hottest weather, are seldom unbearably

warm. Many times, in fact, blankets are a necessity, even at sea level, while in the interior or at any considerable elevation the nights are decidedly chilly. And it is never as warm or as sultry as in New York. Sunstroke and heat prostrations are practically unknown, and one sees American children of all ages playing bareheaded in the intense sunshine and with no ill effects. Flies and mosquitos are not numerous in the dry season, which corresponds to our winter, and screened windows and doors reduce these to a negligible minimum. Sanitation and health regulations have made Panama a more healthful spot than any of our northern cities, and no one need fear contracting any of the dangerous diseases so prevalent in many of the West Indies and other tropical lands. And it is never necessary to overtax oneself by walking, or to get overhot, when one may travel anywhere within the limits of Panama City or Colon for fifteen cents, whether one prefers a jogging, horse-drawn carriage or a luxurious latest model touring car.

From a monetary or economical point of view, Panama is exceptional. As yet the natives have not acquired the habit of considering every American a multi-millionaire

and charging him outrageous prices accordingly. The stranger, unless he is a spendthrift or a fool, pays exactly the same price as does the native, and he gets good value for his money. As the duty on practically everything, except liquor and tobacco, is only 15 per cent, and as competition is keen, merchandise in Panama is very low in price. This is particularly the case with Oriental and European goods. English tweeds, Chinese and Japanese silks, linens, French novelties and feminine apparel, imported China and glassware, Spanish shawls and a thousand and one other luxuries, necessities and souvenirs are purchasable at one-half or even one-third the cost one would pay in the United States. Food, if bought in Panama, is relatively high, that is, if imported food is purchased. But the native products are cheap, and meals at the best hotels and restaurants cost little. An excellent dinner may be had for $1.00 or less, and the visitor who does not approve of the Volstead law may secure any liquid refreshment he may wish at prices which would make a bootlegger weep. In fact Scotch and other imported liquors cost less in Panama than in England. Hotels are numerous but, unfortunately, few can be recommended. In

Colon the Washington is the only one, while on the Pacific side is the International, owned and managed by an American, and the Tivoli in the Canal Zone. Of the two government hotels it is hard to say which is the better, for each has its advantages and its shortcomings. The Washington is of concrete and faces the sea, and boasts a swimming pool, but it is rather damp in rainy weather, and it is a bit tomblike when not filled with guests. But to many it has the advantage of being on Panamanian territory and hence liquor may be served within its walls. The Tivoli, on the other hand, is of wood. It is old and was never intended for a hotel, but it is well equipped with automatic fire sprinklers and is kept in good repair. It is beautifully situated, overlooking Panama City on a slight rise of ground, and while its cuisine is not over varied and soon becomes tiresome, it is preferred to the Washington by many persons. And the fact that it is in the Zone and is consequently dry, or theoretically so, matters little, for it is but a step to the Century Club on Panama's territory and there is no slightest difficulty in securing a visitor's card to this club which has been facetiously and quite appropriately called

the "Tivoli bar." Aside from the International there are many Panamanian hotels in Panama City, but unless the visitor wishes to experience a little realism he will do well to avoid them as permanent stopping places. The International, on the other hand, serves American meals which have the reputation of being the best on the Isthmus; its rates are far lower than the government hotels, and, being under American management,—the owner was formerly manager of both the Washington and the Tivoli,—it is clean, comfortable and convenient.

But there is no question that a new up-to-date American managed hotel is sorely needed on the Isthmus. Each year the number of visitors is increasing, before long the Tivoli will have to be abandoned, and, if present plans are fulfilled, a thoroughly modern and luxurious hotel will be erected in Panama City, probably at the Exposition Grounds close to the sea.

Moreover, if the visitor intends to remain for some time on the Isthmus, furnished apartments or houses may usually be secured. In the Zone so-called "vacation quarters" are often available. In order that an employee

may hold his house while absent on vacation, he must keep it occupied, and, as a result, vacation quarters are constantly advertised for rent.

As far as amusements and recreations go, Panama can offer more than most tropical cities or countries. There are the baseball games, often between army posts or army and navy teams; horse racing every Sunday at Juan Franco Park, with races that are both a revelation and a source of vast amusement to the visitor from the north; golf on any one of several links; an occasional bullfight; boxing matches both in Panama and in the Zone; horseback riding; dances and balls, motion picture theatres, and the weekly lottery drawing on Sunday mornings at 10 o'clock—an almost sacred rite with the Panamanians. As the profits of the Panama lottery are devoted entirely to the upkeep of charitable institutions, which could not be supported otherwise, even the most puritanical can scarcely object to it, the more especially as it is absolutely fair and straight. Moreover, it unquestionably prevents thousands of West Indians and Panamanians, not to mention Americans and other foreigners, from spending their spare change in far worse ways,

for when all is said and done the lottery *does* give a man a chance.

Aside from these local recreations, there is unequalled fishing to be had in the waters of Panama bay, and the ardent fisherman cannot do better than to visit charming Taboga Island where there is an excellent hotel run by an American, and where sea bathing and fishing may be enjoyed to the limit. Also, on the lower Chagres River and at Gatun dam spillway, the angler may satiate himself with tarpon fishing. If, on the other hand, the visitor prefers hunting he may follow his favorite sport and be sure of a bag. Close to the Zone there are deer, tapir, peccaries, wild turkey, jaguar, ocelot, puma and many other varieties of game, while on the marshes and rivers within easy reach are thousands of wild duck, snipe, curlew and other game birds.

The clubs also afford recreation and pleasure, and all welcome the stranger. At Colon is the Strangers' Club; at Panama the Century and the Union, and at all of these one can secure excellent food and drink or enjoy the lively dances which are of frequent occurrence.

During the time when the United States battle fleets make Panama their rendezvous the

place is one continuous round of gayety. With from ten to twenty thousand sailors ashore daily the streets are crowded, everyone is happy, and, strange as it may seem, there is seldom any disorder and very rarely any drunkenness. At this time, too, balls and hops are held every night at the hotels and clubs, or aboard the ships, and when the annual carnival happens to be due coincidently with the visit of the fleets, it would be hard to find a livelier, gayer place than Panama. The carnival, which corresponds with the Mardi Gras of New Orleans, is the really *great* "fiesta" of the natives. For months preparations are made for the event; costumes are designed, floats built, queens elected, dances held, and everyone enters into the spirit of the thing. Excitement over voting for the queens runs high, and each colony has its own contestants. There is a Panamanian queen, a West Indian queen and a Chinese queen on each side of the Isthmus, and at times a Zone queen as well. And each tries to outdo the other in richness of dress, in magnificence of float, in number and costumes of her retinue. Business during the carnival is practically suspended: the streets are ankle deep in confetti; serpentines form a network of color

across the narrow streets and cover balconies and telegraph wires, and everywhere are masqueraders, and men, women and children in fancy dress. Most attractive of all, and most interesting to the stranger, are the "Polleras," native girls and women in the national dress of Panama, the picturesque pollera costume of the interior.

With its much beruffled skirt of beautifully embroidered and lace-trimmed, daintily-flowered lawn, its low-necked Empire style waist, alluringly revealing and seemingly ever on the point of slipping off the shoulders, and its bright ribbons; the whole set off by low-heeled red, blue or yellow slippers, and with its wearers' hair ablaze with gold and silver trembling ornaments, and a golden pollera chain about their necks the national costume of Panama is wonderfully becoming to the dark olive-skinned girls. Unfortunately, during the past few years, the pollera has been adopted by many of the ebon-hued West Indians upon whom it is most incongruous and far from attractive.

Throughout the carnival the pollera girls are much in evidence, riding about in busses and trucks, perched by the half dozen on the

lowered tops of motor cars, and constantly singing the ridiculous pollera song:

"Mi pollera, mi pollera! Mi pollera es colorada."

and keeping time by clapping hands in unison.

Here and there in out-of-the-way streets are booths adorned with palm leaves, flowers and flags where nightly pollera and other native dances are held.

Formerly the Panama carnival was strictly a carnival, and the grand parade of the last day of festivities was composed entirely of masqueraders, the queens and their retinues, and decorative floats. But commercialism is entering more and more into the affair and fully half the floats seen in the parades today are purely advertisements for commodities varying from rum to automobiles.

Panama, being the crossroads of the world, and literally the hub of Spanish America, is the stopping place for steamships bound to and from every part of the world. From here the traveler may sail north, east, south or west by any one of a score or more of steamship lines.

The Isthmus is as convenient to the South Sea islands, to the Orient, to our own Pacific coast, to the wonderlands of South America or to Europe as it is to New York or New Orleans. Breaking his journey at Panama, the tourist may spend a few delightful weeks or months on the Isthmus and then move on to whichever corner of the world attracts him. The round-the-world steamers transit the Canal, and many passengers by these ships, finding Panama so attractive, stop over one steamer on their circumnavigation of the globe. The palatial ships plying between New York and California also pass through the Canal, as do those that sail to and from the United States and Europe and South America. There is scarcely a port in the world that cannot be reached by direct steamers from Panama, and, in many cases, it is necessary to go to Panama in order to secure passages for out-of-the-way places. Thus, if a person desires to visit New Zealand, Tahiti or lonely Pitcairn Island, the shortest and best route is to Panama where the steamers from England to New Zealand make regular calls. Moreover, from Panama as a base, one may make many interesting side trips of

longer or shorter duration without great expense for, from the Isthmus, the steamer routes radiate like the spokes of a wheel.

Many a traveler I have met, who, planning to make a short stop on the Isthmus and then rush back to the States, reaches Panama and discovering its manifold advantages, journeys to the fascinating lands south of the equator before returning home. Scores, there are also, who, bound on a round-the-world tour, reach Panama, and securing stop-overs, remain on the Isthmus for weeks or make detours of a few thousand miles in order to visit spots which they would never have seen if they had followed their original plans. There are wonderfully picturesque, quaint, little-known spots on the Pacific coasts of Central America and Mexico which can only be reached via Panama. One may travel by steamer to either an Atlantic or a Pacific port in Central America, cross the country through magnificent scenery and over stupendous mountains, visit the ancient capitals with their spring-like climates, and return to Panama over the other ocean, all within a few days. Still better and more interesting is the trip down the west coast of South America to Inca land, Chile and even mysterious

Tierra del Fuego. Such lines as the Pacific Steam Navigation Co. or the Royal Mail Line, make frequent stops at Panama, both on the runs between England and South American ports and the New York to South America route. Traveling along the west coast by these ships is a delight and a never ending source of interest, pleasure and enlightenment. The Pacific along the South American coast is usually as smooth as the proverbial millpond; the ships are the largest in the west coast service; they are fast, comfortable, and traveling by them from port to port across the equator and southward almost to Cape Horn is like a private yachting trip. The traveler may make his home aboard ship and content himself by going ashore while the vessel is in port or he may stop over a week or so, and traversing the mighty Andes, visit the luxuriant regions about the head waters of the Amazon. Or again, he may proceed farther south, travel across South America, continue by the same line up the east coast of South America and return home via New York or Europe. Several times a year, also, steamers of this line circumnavigate South America, skirting the coasts, stopping at every important port, passing through the Straits of

Magellan and visiting such fascinatingly out-of-the-world spots as Robinson Crusoe's island of Juan Fernandez, Punta Arenas, the most southerly city in the world, and the Falkland Islands. No wonder the great liberator, Simon Bolivar, christened Panama the "Bridge of the world." The old Spaniards realized its advantages four centuries ago, and, building the famed Gold Road, brought the Isthmus within reach of all their far-flung dominions. The buccaneers,—inveterate tourists as ever there were, recognized Panama's strategic advantages and cruised hence over every sea lane known to modern steamships. But the Americans, the greatest travelers and tourists the world has ever known, are only now beginning to discover Panama. Yearly their numbers are increasing; already they flock to the Isthmus by tens of thousands each winter, but few remain long enough to realize or to appreciate Panama. The majority are on regular tours of the personally-conducted variety, arranged by the promoters to make the most money in the shortest time, and the travelers are rushed hither and thither, a day here, a day there, confused, tired, seeing little and learning less, and returning home with a confused idea, a

composite picture, of a dozen or more tropical ports. But yearly more and more Americans are really discovering Panama, and, before long, the Isthmus will unquestionably become the greatest and most favored winter resort in tropical America.

CHAPTER XVI

THE RESOURCES OF PANAMA

Agriculture. Cattle. Fisheries. Horses. Medicinal plants. Minerals. Pearl beds. Timber. Whales.

AGRICULTURE

Only about one eighty-fifth of the total area of the Republic is under cultivation and a very large part of this is comprised of the immense plantations of the United Fruit Company at Bocas del Toro. With a wonderfully varied surface, every class of soil, a climate varying from tropical to temperate; with abundant rivers and streams and a heavy rainfall, Panama is one of the most promising agricultural countries in tropical America. Every tropical product may be grown to perfection and in the hills and mountains practically all fruits and vegetables of temperate zones may easily be raised. There is no reason why Panama should not produce enough fruits, vegetables and other agricultural products to supply the entire Republic and the Canal Zone in addition, and yet, nearly all the vegetables and fruits used on the Zone are imported and a large part of those sold in Colon

and Panama City are brought from other countries. The Canal Commissary spends hundreds of thousands of dollars yearly for fruits and vegetables in Costa Rica and Haiti, not to mention those purchased in the States, and every one of these could be raised in Panama. Panama coffee is as good as any grown in Latin America, its Cacao is equal to that of Venezuela, its tobacco is excellent and its coconuts are among the best in the world. Hitherto, the lack of transportation facilities has prevented outsiders from taking up and cultivating agricultural lands; but with the present program of motor roads penetrating the interior, there is no reason why fortunes should not be made by agriculturists in Panama.

CATTLE

In the old Spanish colonial days cattle raising was the chief industry aside from mining; but to-day, there are not over 200,000 head of cattle in the entire Republic. Even so, stock raising is perhaps the largest and most important industry in the country. Very little attention, however, is given to breeding, selection or care and, as a result, the local cattle are small, scrawny, poor and tough. In many places draught animals of splendid size are raised which proves that the native animal can be improved readily; but up to the present time the

Panamanian ranchers have not been able or willing to give enough care to their cattle to produce beeves which are up to the Canal Commissary standard and in consequence, all beef used on the Zone is either imported from the States or is from live cattle brought from Colombia or from cattle imported and fattened and raised on the Zone. With thousands of square miles of splendid grazing lands and abundant water there is no reason why enormous ranches should not be established, from which the Zone, the Republic and the numerous ships passing through the Canal could be supplied and which would prove very lucrative.

FISHERIES

The waters of Panama teem with fish and while the present fisheries on both coasts are extensive, still they do not fill all the demand of the cities and of the Zone. A much larger business could be done in fish, turtles etc., and the sponge industry might be made profitable.

HORSES AND MULES

Good horses, as judged by our standards, are not reared in the Republic, but fairly good native ponies are raised in Coclé, Chiriqui and Veraguas. As a rule, however, the horses are given even less attention and care than the cattle and the majority are miserable, undersized, thin and weak. Mules are scarce and very high priced

and yet they do very well and a mule ranch would be a paying proposition if properly and intelligently conducted. Oddly enough, there are practically no asses in the Republic and unlike other Latin American countries the burro as a beast of burden is unknown. Estimates place the total number of horses and mules in the Republic at about 40,000.

MEDICINAL PLANTS

Panama is rich in valuable medicinal plants and the forests are filled with copaiba, balsam, cabima, ipecacuanha, sarsaparilla, cola, tolu, aloes, elemi, etc. etc. The natives collect and sell these in small quantities and in an erratic manner and prepare them carelessly; but there is a big field for the development of a regular business in these forest products. In addition to the medicinal plants, there are quantities of vanilla, locust gum, balata, chicle, rubber, dividivi, anotto, ivory nuts, palm-oil nuts, fibers, dye woods, rattan, and many other products which would find a ready and profitable market if systematically gathered and properly prepared.

MINERAL RESOURCES

Panama is extremely rich in its mineral resources and aside from the gold mines of the old days and a few oil, copper, platinum and manganese mines which are being worked, the mineral wealth has been absolutely neglected.

In addition to the mineral resources in the following list there are deposits of marl, clay, silica and other ingredients from which cement could be made and which are near the Canal and accessible to tide-water, and yet one of the largest of imports is cement and not a single cement works exists. Bricks and tiles are manufactured on a small scale locally, but there is no up-to-date brick and tile factory and yet the beds of clay suitable for this work are almost incalculable in extent. There are also beds of fire clay, of molding sand, of umbers and ochres and of other mineral paints. Excellent granite, porphyry, serpentine, limestone, onyx and other building and ornamental stones are abundant; but none are utilized, while kaolin and other fine grade clays are common. The following list of minerals known to occur is far from complete and includes only those which the author has personally seen.

AMETHYST

These crystals occur in Veraguas and in the ancient Indian graves very beautiful amethyst ornaments are at times found.

AGATES

Very beautiful agates occur throughout the Republic. Large numbers are sold in Colon and Panama City under the name of "Canal Stones," but many of the cut and mounted stones thus

sold are imported and artificially colored, while others are cheap imitations made from stained mother-of-pearl. Local agates are of every imaginable color and include very fine moss agates. In parts of Veraguas masses of agate many tons in weight are often seen.

ANTIMONY

Antimony occurs in connection with copper in many places and in the form of Stibnite or Antimony Glance in both Coclé and the Darien district.

ARSENIC

Common in many places. The "Lake of Death" described in another chapter is probably impregnated with arsenic salts as arsenic ores are abundant in its neighborhood.

ASBESTOS

In Coclé where it was formerly mined.

BERYL

Small but very beautifully colored beryls, as well as emeralds and aquamarines, are not uncommon in the gold-bearing gravels of Darien and near Colon. No large stones have been found and the source of the crystals is unknown.

BISMUTH

Found in combination with tin and lead ore in Veraguas and as bismutite in Chiriqui.

BLOODSTONE

Very large and handsome masses of blood-

stone are found in the Bayano River and its tributaries.

CARNOTITE

Rare, but occasionally found in small masses in the fossil trees of Veraguas.

CHALCEDONY

Abundant in connection with agate and also in masses in the hills near La Palma, Darien.

CHROMITE

A very large proportion of the black sand on the sea shores and in the beds of streams in Panama and Colon provinces is composed of beautiful, octahedral crystals of chromite. Chrome iron also occurs in Veraguas and other localities.

CINNABAR

Masses of cinnabar are often found in the "guacas" or ancient Indian graves having evidently been used as pigment and the Chokois and Kunas also use it. Metallic mercury also occurs in several localities in decomposed rock which formerly contained cinnabar.

COAL

As lignite in many places. Also as cannel coal in Veraguas.

COBALT

Cobalt bloom occurs with nickel and copper in Los Santos.

CADMIUM

In connection with lead and tin in Veraguas.

COPPER

Occurs in many places in Chiriqui, Veraguas, Coclé, Herrera, Los Santos, Colon and Panama provinces. The largest known deposits are in Veraguas where, for over an area of ten square miles, there are scores of outcrops of ore. In this section the copper is mainly in the form of carbonates, but there are also deposits of native copper in Veraguas and Chiriqui and of pyrites in Los Santos and Darien.

CORUNDUM

Corundum occurs in many of the river gravels and in isolated masses in many places.

DIAMONDS

Minute diamonds, mainly the so called "black" variety, occur in the river gravels of the Darien and also near Colon. They have also been found in Veraguas.

EMERALDS

Occur in small water-worn crystals in the river gravels of Darien and near Colon. See Beryl.

EMERY

Emery, a mixture of corundum and other hard abrasives is common in river gravels.

FLUORITE

In large masses of pale blue and sea-green in Veraguas near Santa Fe.

GARNETS

Very abundant in the alluvial sands of many rivers and *in situ* in many localities. None of gem value have been found.

GOLD

In every province. Practically every stream in Panama carries gold and I even have obtained "colors" from piles of gravel brought from Gamboa to be used for concrete work in Colon. Few streams however, carry enough gold to work profitably by hand, but there are many where dredging would pay. In the old Spanish days there were many rich placers worked and no doubt thorough prospecting would result in finding these, or others equally rich. Gold bearing quartz occurs in many districts. Partly decomposed quartz carrying half an ounce of metal to the ton occurs near Colon and many of the old Spanish mines in Veraguas are still very rich. The famous Darien mine still carries good values and its tailings might be worked at a profit, as methods used in the old days were very crude and much of the values were wasted. In many localities are to be found old Spanish stone "molinas" or mills where the rich quartz was crushed and then panned out by hand. For an account of the vast amounts of gold taken out by the Spaniards, see Chapter IX.

GRAPHITE

In small flakes in Veraguas and Coclé and as graphite schists in other localities; especially Chiriqui.

IRON

Iron is very abundant throughout Panama. In places there are enormous beds of hematite and in one locality in Veraguas there is a huge deposit of a remarkable ore composed mainly of crystals of magnetite cemented together with silica. Large deposits of specular hematite occur in Colon Province near the Bayano and there are also many deposits of pyrites. The black sand of many rivers is mainly composed of magnetite.

JASPER

With agates, which see.

LEAD

Nodules of argentiferous galena are found near Colon and Porto Bello and in Los Santos and there is a large deposit in Veraguas.

MANGANESE

Immense deposits occur in Veraguas and Colon provinces. The latter have been worked for several years and a railway is now being built to connect the mines with the sea.

MERCURY

See cinnabar.

MICA

Common throughout the country but seldom in large masses.

MOLYBDENUM

Some very fine samples have been brought from the Darien district, but the place of occurrence is not known.

MOONSTONES

Small but perfect moonstones are common in many of the rivers in Colon and Panama provinces.

NICKEL

With copper in Los Santos and Coclé. Usually in small quantities. In Dunite in Darien and in pyrites in Veraguas. Not as yet found in sufficient quantities to work.

OIL

Oil seepages occur in many places and in one locality in Veraguas there is a pool of white oil which the natives dip up and use in lamps. An oil company is at present prospecting in Bocas del Toro and oil has been obtained by drilling in Darien near Garachine. In Colon province there are beds of oil-bearing shales.

OLIVINES

Abundant as crystals in the pyroxene rocks of Colon province and as water-worn pebbles in the Darien district.

ONYX

Very beautiful black and white onyx occurs commonly on the plains of Veraguas and Coclé, especially in the fossil trees. A form resembling Mexican onyx is in large masses near Santa Fe, Veraguas.

OPAL

Plain opal is common; but no fire or precious opals have been reported.

PERIDOTS

Beautiful but small crystals occur commonly in many of the platinum and gold-bearing gravels.

PLATINUM

In the residual and alluvial gravels of certain streams in Darien and Colon province. It occurs very close to the city of Colon, but in insufficient quantities to work at a profit.

QUARTZ

Everywhere abundant; often in magnificent crystals and in places in stupendous masses forming high hills.

SAPPHIRE

In river gravels. Usually white or very pale bluish-gray.

SILVER

Everywhere in small quantities. Many of the river gravels are high in silver and the lead and

tin ores carry a good percentage, as do many of the copper ores. Occasionally as irregular nuggets of native silver in Veraguas and Chiriqui.

SULPHUR

Very large deposits in Coclé, Veraguas, Los Santos and Chiriqui.

TIN

With lead, zinc etc. in a deposit in Veraguas and in small nodules and nuggets as native tin in the sands of a stream in Chiriqui. Also as cassiterite or stream tin in some streams.

TOPAZ

White topaz is common and a few very fine yellow crystals are found. Occurs in decomposed rock.

TOURMALINE

Not uncommon in small green and black crystals, especially in a peculiar form of sandstone in the Darien district. Large, commercially valuable crystals have not as yet been found.

TUNGSTEN

A few very rich samples of Scheelite have been found in streams in Colon province.

TURQUOISE

Small masses of very handsome turquoise have been taken from Veraguas province.

URANIUM

See carnotite.

VANADIUM

As vanadate of lead in small quantities from Veraguas.

ZINC

Very abundant in many forms. Zinc blend forms a very large content of the lead-tin ores of Veraguas.

ZIRCON

In the river gravels with chromite, magnetite etc.

PEARL BEDS

Since the earliest day of the Spaniards, Panama has been famous for its pearls and while many of the beds have been so continuously fished as to be almost exhausted there are still great reefs and beds which are practically untouched. Up to the present the pearl industry has been carried on without any real system and mainly by individual natives who dive down and bring up the shells by hand. A few have used diving apparatus, but there has been no organized, intelligent fishery carried on. Pearl shells are abundant along the entire Pacific coast of Panama and especially about the outlying islands and there is no reason why the fishery should not be developed and made very lucrative.

TIMBER

Panama is very rich in timber and in the

forests are many valuable cabinet, building, ornamental and dye woods. Mahogany, which rivals the Santo Domingo variety, is abundant, especially along the coasts of Veraguas and cedar, cocobolo, éspave, cazique, amarillo, lignum-vitæ and many other beautiful and useful woods abound. There are several hundred species of trees found in Panama and few of these are known to science or bear botanical names. There are several lumber companies operating in Panama and a considerable quantity of timber and wood is used locally, especially cocobolo, cedar and mahogany. As a rule, the valuable woods are scattered, for there are no large areas of forest of one kind of trees with the exception of the Mangrove swamps of the coasts and the oak forests of the higher mountains. As a result, it frequently costs more to get the timber out than it is worth. However, if a local or outside market could be found for the less valuable woods so that everything could be cut and utilized the problem would be solved. Some of the trees grow to enormous size. I have seen a "bongo" or native schooner made from a single cedar log and which measured forty seven feet in length and was six feet in beam at the bottom, over nine feet across the top and five feet in depth. At San Lorenzo (Veraguas) I saw a

forty foot launch hull cut and hollowed from a single mahogany log.

WHALES

Panama Bay in former days was a famous whaling ground. To-day whales are common and porpoises, grampus and killers are abundant, as are sharks. There is no reason why an industry should not be established to carry on a fishery of whales, sharks, porpoises, etc. for their oil and hides.

APPENDIX

SOME FACTS AND FIGURES
CHRONOLOGY OF MOST IMPORTANT HISTORICAL EVENTS

(1) 1502 Columbus anchored in Almirante Bay in May and later landed at Porto Bello and established a settlement at the Mouth of Belen River which he named Santa Maria de Belen. Owing to attacks by Indians this settlement was abandoned in April 1503.

1508 Diego de Nicuesa commissioned to conquer and colonize the Isthmus.

1509 Nicuesa arrived with 300 men from Santo Domingo in November and settled at Nombre de Dios.

1510 Martin Fernandez de Enciso established the settlement of Santa Maria la Antigua del Darien. Balboa arrived with Enciso.

1511 On March 1st. Nicuesa was forced to sail

[1] According to many historians Panama actually was discovered by Bastidas who sailed from Spain in October 1501 and is said to have reached the Isthmus a few months before Columbus.

in a miserable ship with only seventeen men and was never heard from thereafter.

1513 Balboa started to cross the Isthmus on September 1st.

1514 Balboa returned to Santa Maria January 19th. after discovering the Pacific and acquiring booty in gold and pearls valued at one hundred thousand gold Castellanos.

1514 Pedro Arias de Avila, known as Pedrarias the Cruel, reached Santa Maria del Darien as governor in June. First women and first priests arrived at this time.

1514–1519 Towns of Santa Cruz and Los Andes founded. Country explored as far as present provinces of Coclé, Los Santos and Veraguas.

1519 Old Panama founded by Pedrarias and Espinosa, August 15th.

1520 Town of Nata (Coclé Province) founded by Espinosa.

1521 Santiago de Veraguas founded.

1522 San Francisco de la Montaña de Veraguas founded.

1533 Pizarro set forth from Panama to conquer Peru.

1534 Pascual de Andagoya sent by Spanish king to survey the Isthmus with the idea of constructing an interoceanic waterway.

(1) 1595 Sir Francis Drake took Nombre de Dios and attempted to reach Panama, but was defeated in the Capira Mountains and forced to retreat. He was wounded and died at sea, his body being buried at sea off Porto Bello.

1597 Fortifications commenced at Porto Bello (Portobelo).

1602 Forts at Porto Bello (Portobelo) completed.

1602 Pirate William Parker captured, burnt and sacked Porto Bello.

1616 Darien partly surveyed with object of constructing a canal to connect the two oceans.

1668 Sir Henry Morgan captured Porto Bello and took booty to the value of $250,000.

1670 Morgan took San Lorenzo at Mouth of the Chagres and marched on Old Panama which he took and sacked, carrying off a number of nuns, priests, women and

[1] There seems to be some confusion in regard to this date as several histories (and some records in Panama) state that Nombre de Dios was abandoned in favor of Porto Bello in 1584. On the other hand, Drake's own memoirs and contemporaneous accounts give the date of his exploit as 1595 and as records in the Archives of Panama show that Porto Bello was not a town of any importance until the forts were commenced in 1597, I consider the date given above as correct.

girls and 194 muleloads of booty. Feb. 24th.

1673 Present city of Panama founded January 1st.

1698 William Patterson arrived on the coast of Darien and established a British colony which he called Calidonia. Oct. 30th.

1699 Patterson's town of New Edinburgh and Calidonia colony abandoned in June.

1699 Second British colonization expedition arrived with 1300 men. Nov. 30th.

1700 British surrendered to Spaniards and abandoned their settlement with full military honors. April 24th.

1821 Liberty proclaimed in Los Santos. Nov. 13th.

1821 Panama declared free from Spain at Panama City and Colonel José de Fabrega placed in supreme command, Nov. 27th. Panama joined with Colombia.

1831 Panama declared independent of Colombia and Simon Bolivar called upon to aid in union of a greater Colombia. General José Domingo Espinar assumed control. Sept. 26th.

1831 Panama again incorporated with Colombia by decree of Dec. 11th.

1838 Concession for canals, railways, etc. granted French company.

1849 Gold rush to California when large numbers of the "Argonauts" passed through the Isthmus.

1850 Panama Railway commenced in May.

1850 City of Aspinwall (Colon) founded by Americans.

1855 Panama Railway completed. January 27th.

1878 Universal Interoceanic Canal Company organized by Ferdinand de Lesseps.

1879 Committee met in Paris and decided upon a sea level canal to be completed in twelve years at a cost of $240,000,000.

1881 First of French engineers arrived on Isthmus to survey route for canal.

1888 Excavation work formally started. Plans altered to a lock canal.

1889 French company became bankrupt. Work stopped May 15th.

1894 New French company formed.

1895 Work resumed on excavations.

1903 Herran-Hay treaty rejected by Colombia, August 12th.

1903 Negotiations begun with U. S. to recognize Panama's independence.

1903 Act of Independence issued and José Agustin Arango, Federico Boyd and

Tomas Arias appointed Governing Committee. Nov. 3rd.

1903 Canal treaty with U. S. signed, Nov. 18th.

1904 Doctor Guerrero appointed President of the new Republic. Jan. 15th.

1904 Active work commenced on Canal. May 4th.

1914 Canal opened to traffic. Steamship *ANCON* passed through with officials and notable personages. August 15th.

1921 United States agreed to pay Colombia indemnity of $25,000,000. for loss of Panama.

1921 War between Panama and Costa Rica over international boundary.

PRESIDENTS OF REPUBLIC OF PANAMA

1904 Dr. Manuel Amador Guerrero, appointed President

1908–1909 José Domingo de Obaldia, elected President

1910 Carlos A. Mendoza, Vice-President in charge of Executive Power

1910–1912 Pablo Arosemena, Vice-President in charge of Executive Power

1912 Rodolfo Chiari, Vice-President in charge of Executive Power

1912–1916 Belisario Porras, elected President

1916 Ramon Valdes, elected President

1918 Dr. Belisario Porras, appointed President
1920 Ernesto T. Le Febre, in charge of Executive Power
1921 Dr. Belisario Porras, elected President
1925 Rudolfo Chiari, elected President

SIZE OF PANAMA

Area:—32,000 square miles, or four times the size of Belgium or twice the size of Vermont and New Hampshire combined. Area under cultivation—about 400 square miles.
Greatest length: 435 miles.
Greatest width: 114 miles.
Narrowest portion: 30 miles.
Highest mountain: Volcan de Chiriqui: 7,200 ft.
Rivers flowing into Atlantic: 180.
Rivers flowing into Pacific: 300.
Total number of rivers: 480.

POPULATION OF REPUBLIC OF PANAMA

Exclusive of Canal Zone

Total population, approximate: 450,000

Whites	60,000
Mixed Indian-White	200,000
Negroes and colored	100,000
Indians	50,000
Mongolians	5,000

Of which about 75,000 are foreigners.

About 10,000 more men than women.

Population of Panama City, approximately: 70,000

Population of Colon, approximately: 35,000

PRINCIPAL PUBLIC INSTITUTIONS IN PANAMA

National Institute, Panama City. Normal School for girls, Panama City. School of Arts and Crafts, Panama City. Professional School for Women, Panama City. School of Agriculture, Panama City. Orphan Asylum, Panama City. Santo Tomas Hospital, Panama City. Museum, Panama City. Chiriqui Prison, Panama City. Penal Colony, Coiba Island.

MONETARY SYSTEM OF PANAMA

Standard: Gold

Standard unit is the Balboa of one hundred centissimos equal to $1.00 United States gold.

Fractional currency: ½, ¼, ⅒, and 1/20 Balboa in silver coins and two and one-half cent nickel pieces.

The gold Balboa is never coined and with the increase in the value of silver during the war all Panamanian silver was withdrawn from circulation with the exception of the 1/20 Balboa pieces (equal to five cents United States) and the two and one-half cent nickel pieces.

United States gold, silver, nickels, cents and paper pass current throughout the Republic.

Wealth per capita is estimated at $10.00

Accounts and other business affairs are kept in Balboas (B), but in ordinary business transactions the term "Dollars" is used.

In outlying districts, among the poorer classes, and also the market people and smaller shop keepers, the terms "Pesos" "Reales" and "Medias" are used. The Peso is the Panamanian half Balboa or fifty cents gold. The Real is the one-twentieth Balboa or five cents gold and the Media is the half real or two and one-half cents.

To distinguish between prices or amounts in Panamanian silver or American currency the terms "Gold" or "Silver" are used, the former signifying Dollars, the latter Pesos.

WEIGHTS AND MEASURES

Metric system standard, but American yards, quarts, gallons, pounds, ounces, acres, tons, etc., widely used in Panama City and Colon.

Standard Measures are:

Long Measure: Millimeter, Centimeter, Meter, Kilometer

Liquid Measure: Litre

Square Measure: Square Meter and Hectare or Hectaria

Weights: Kilogram and Kilo

In addition, many old Spanish weights and measures are in use in the interior and outlying districts.

LANGUAGE

Officially Spanish, but nearly all the leading merchants, business men and educated people speak English. In Colon, English is spoken by nearly every one.

EXPORTS AND IMPORTS

Total exports and imports, approximately	$15,000,000
Exports approximately	5,000,000
Imports approximately	10,000,000

Commerce principally with United States.

Principal exports: Bananas, coconuts, balata, ivory nuts, manganese, timber, raw hides, pearl shells.

Principal imports: Animal food stuffs, vegetable food stuffs, fruit and grain, textiles and vegetable manufactures, hides and skins, wood and wood manufactures, preserved meats, woolens, silks and animal products.

MANUFACTURES AND INDUSTRIES

Ice factories, pearl button factories, brick and tile factories, biscuit factories, saw mills and wood-working establishments, soap manufacturies, brewery, bottling works, foundries, hat making, saddles and bridles, shoes, mahagua rope, sisal rope, tortoise shell objects, furniture, boats.

PROVINCES OF PANAMA WITH POPULATION, ETC.

Panama is divided into eight provinces, as follows: Panama, Colon, Coclé, Herrera, Los Santos, Veraguas, Chiriqui, Bocas Del Toro.

PROVINCE OF PANAMA:

Capital: Panama City with about 70,000 inhabitants.

Total population of province about 100,000.

The largest and most populated of the provinces. Its surface is varied including broad plains and valleys, high mountains, grassy pasture lands and heavy forests. There are numerous streams and several large rivers in the province and its natural resources are very great. The Pearl Islands are included in this province.

PROVINCE OF COLON:

Capital: Colon with about 35,000 inhabitants.

Total population of province about 50,000.

Principal products: coconuts, ivory nuts and manganese ore. This is mainly a hilly province with a few mountains and with great natural resources, especially in timber and minerals. The San Blas archipelago is included in this province.

PROVINCE OF COCLÉ:

Capital: Penónome with about 12,000 inhabitants.

Other important towns: Agua Dulce, 6,500, inhabitants; Anton, 7,200 inhabitants.

Total population of province about 37,800.

Penónome is situated in the interior, about eight miles from the coast, and is on a large plain at an elevation of 240 feet above sea level.

Agua Dulce, the chief port, is two miles from the sea on a plain. Its principal industry is salt.

Anton is also on a plain between two rivers. Its chief industry is cattle raising. About 2,000 steers yearly are shipped to Panama City. It is 130 feet above the sea, between two rivers and in a rich country. It is a favorite summer resort for the people of Panama who find in the high Anton Valley (2120 feet above the sea) a spring-like, delightful climate.

Nata, founded in 1520, and the oldest inhabited town on continental America, is also in Coclé Province.

Principal products: cattle, salt, sugar, rubber, coffee, hats.

PROVINCE OF HERRERA:

Capital: Chitré with about 6,000 inhabitants.

Total population of province about 28,000 inhabitants.

Principal products: cattle, horses, poultry, rum, coffee and cocoa, medicinal plants, and rubber.

PROVINCE OF LOS SANTOS:

Capital: Las Tablas with about 8,000 inhabitants.

Total population of province about 36,000 inhabitants.

Products same as Herrera.

PROVINCE OF VERAGUAS:

Capital: Santiago with about 6,000 inhabitants.

Total population of province about 70,000 inhabitants.

Other towns are: Cañazas, Las Palmas, La Mesa, Calobre, all with a population of over 2,000 inhabitants.

Chief ports: Puerto Mutis, Soná.

Principal products: cattle, medicinal plants, rice, coconuts, rubber, fruits.

A large part of this province consists of broad, grassy plains reaching from the coastal hills to the foot hills of the Cordilleras. In the hills and mountains are numerous mineral deposits; the forests, especially near the coast, are filled with mahogany, cedar, cocobolo and other valuable woods and the soil is very fertile. Formerly the greatest gold producing district in the world. The oldest occupied building on the continent is the church at San Francisco de la Montaña de Veraguas built in 1522.

PROVINCE OF CHIRIQUI:

Capital: David with about 6,500 inhabitants.

Total population of province about 75,000 inhabitants.

Chief port: Pedregal.

Other cities: Tolé, Remedios.

David is situated on a rich plain at about 200 feet above sea level and four and one-half miles from

its port of Pedregal. From Pedregal a railway line runs to David and hence to Boquete at an altitude of nearly 4,000 feet and 32 miles from David. There are also branch lines to Potretillos and La Concepcion. The highest peak of the Cordilleras is in Chiriqui, the volcano of that name rising to nearly 8,000 feet above the sea. The country is rich and varied, consisting of level plains, deep valleys, elevated plateaus, rolling hills and rugged mountains. It has vast resources in minerals, forests, agricultural and grazing lands, etc.

Principal products are coffee, cacao, tobacco, rubber, garden truck, cattle, horses, saddles, fruit, pearl shells.

PROVINCE OF BOCAS DEL TORO:

Capital: Bocas del Toro with about 5,000 inhabitants.

Total population of province about 25,000 inhabitants.

Other cities: Almirante on Almirante Bay.

The United Fruit Company railway extends from Almirante into Costa Rica and the company's ships make Almirante a regular port of call.

Principal products: bananas, cacao, timber.

SOME FACTS AND FIGURES OF THE PANAMA CANAL

Total area of Canal Zone . . . . . 436 sq. mi.

WEST BREAKWATER:

Length of west breakwater . . . . . 11,700 ft.

Width at top	15 ft.
Height above mean sea level	10 ft.
Contents	2,840,000 cu. yd.
Cost	$5,500,000

CANAL:

Length of Canal from Atlantic to Pacific	50 mi.
Length of Canal from Coast to Coast	40 mi.
Minimum width of Canal bottom	300 ft.
Width of Canal for fifteen mi. from Gatun	1,000 ft.
Width of Canal for next four miles	800 ft.
Width of Canal for next four miles	500 ft.
Depth of Canal	45 to 85 ft.

LOCKS:

Lock chambers, length, each	1,000 ft.
Lock chambers, width, each	110 ft.
Lock walls, height	50 to 90ft.
Lock gates, length	65 ft.
Lock gates, height	47 to 82 ft.
Lock gates, thickness	7 ft.
Lock gates, weight, each	390 to 730 tons
Lock gates, number used	92
Lock gates, weight of total number	60,000 tons
Fender chains, number	24
Fender chains, weight, each	24,098 lbs.

Pressure required to pay out chains, 750 pounds to square inch. A 10,000 ton ship proceeding at four knots per hour can be brought to a standstill within a distance of seventy three feet by these chains.

Total number of lock chambers 12
Number of lock chambers at Gatun . . 6
Number of lock chambers at Pedro Miguel 2
Number of lock chambers at Miraflores . 4

EXCAVATIONS:

	cu. yd.
Amt. of material excavated by French .	80,000,000
Amount excavated by Americans . .	212,504,000
Total excavation for Canal proper .	242,000,000

Or enough to excavate a tunnel thirteen feet square through the globe.

CONCRETE:

Concrete used in construction of locks and works: 5,000,000 cubic yards, or enough to construct a wall 12 feet high, 8 feet wide and 266 miles long.

PACIFIC BREAKWATER:

Length of breakwater between Balboa and Naos Island	3 mi.
Width at top	50 ft.
Greatest width	3,000 ft.
Height above mean sea level	20 to 40 ft.
Contents	18,000,000 cu. yd.

OPERATING TIME:

Average time for filling and emptying a lock chamber	15 min.
Average time for passing a ship through all locks	3 hrs.
Average time for passing a ship through entire Canal	5 to 8 hrs.

GATUN DAM:

Length of Gatun Dam, about . . . . 1½ mi.
Width at base . . . . . ½mi.
Width at top . . . . . 100 feet
Width at water level . . . . . 400 feet
Height above sea at crest . . . . 105 feet
Height above normal lake level . . . 20 feet
Length exposed to maximum water head 500 feet
Contents . . . . . 21,000,000 cubic yards
Composition: Core of sand and clay dredged by hydraulic dredges.
Exterior: Rock and other material excavated by steam shovels from canal and with top and upstream surface riprapped.

GATUN SPILLWAY:

Length . . . . . 1200 feet
Width . . . . . 285 feet
Height above sea, upper end . . 10 feet
Length of spillway dam . . . . 808 feet
Height of spillway dam . 69 feet above sea level
Height of gate piers . 115.5 feet above sea level

HYDRO ELECTRIC PLANT:

Capacity . . . . . 6,000 kilowatts
Length of penstocks . . . . . 350 feet

GATUN LAKE:

Area with water at 85 feet above sea level: 164 square miles.
Contents with water at 85 feet above sea level: 183 billion cubic feet.

Average height above sea during rainy season: 87 feet.

Minimum depth of channel at which Canal can be operated: 39 feet.

Minimum depth of channel with lake at 87 feet: 47 feet.

Lowest level of lake at which Canal can be operated: 79 feet.

MIRAFLORES LAKE:

Length, west dam (earth)	2700 feet
Height, west dam above water . . .	15 feet
Length, east dam (concrete) . . .	500 feet
Contents, east dam . . .	75,000 cubic yds.

CULEBRA CUT:

Deepest excavation . .	495 feet at Gold Hill
Depth at Contractor's Hill .	364 feet

SLIDES:

There are two classes of slides which have given trouble in Culebra Cut. The first is caused by the slipping of a superficial layer of earth and clay on a surface of hard material. The other is caused by the steepness of a slope and the pressure of superimposed material upon underlying softer material.

Greatest number of steam shovels used at one time 43

Greatest monthly excavation in cut . 1,728,748 cubic yds.

Cars required to handle above	2000
Locomotives required	115
Loaded trains per day	160
Miles of track employed in cut	100
Greatest number of drills used at one time	377
Greatest amount of drill holes made in one month	90 miles
Average amount of dynamite used per year in cut	3000 tons

COSTS AND OTHER ITEMS:

Greatest number of men employed at actual work	36,000
Value of French excavations to Americans	$ 25,389,240.
Value of all French property	42,799,286.
Amount paid to French Company	40,000,000.
Amount paid to Panama	10,000,000.
Cost of maintenance per year, about	9,000,000.
Total cost of Canal	435,000,000.

PANAMA RAILWAY:

Concession granted to Wm. H. Aspinwall, Henry Chauncy and John L. Stephens in 1848.	
Work on railway begun	May 1850
Railway completed	January 1855
Railway acquired by United States	1904
Cost of relocation of railway	$8,866,393.
Total length of relocated railway	47.11 miles
Stations on railway: Colon, Mount Hope, Fort	

Davis, Gatun, Monte Lirio, Frijoles, Darien, Gamboa, Summit, Pedro Miguel, Red Tank, Miraflores, Corozal, Balboa, Panama.

Time required by regular trains from Colon to Panama or vice-versa . . . 1 hr. 45 minutes.

Fare from Colon to Panama or vice-versa . $2.40

Week end, round trip fares, half rate.

Extra charge for observation car seat, either way $1.00

Regular passenger trains leave Colon for Panama and Panama for Colon three times daily.

Shuttle trains leave Colon at frequent intervals for France Field, Coco Solo and Fort Randolph.

Trains also run from Panama to Miraflores, Pedro Miguel and Paraiso.

Baggage transfer service is also operated by the railway in Colon and Panama.

PANAMA RAILWAY STEAMSHIP LINE

The Panama Railway operates passenger and freight steamers between New York and Colon direct. New York to Colon via Haitian ports. Colon to New York direct. Colon to New York via Haitian ports. Norfolk to Colon. Colon to Norfolk. Colon to West Coast of South America. Colon to Colombian ports.

Some of the ships are very old and small, but others are large, comfortable and thoroughly up-

to-date. The passenger rates are lower than by other lines, but as employees of the Canal are given precedence on ships of this line it is often difficult for outsiders to secure berths.

USEFUL INFORMATION ALPHABETICALLY ARRANGED

ANIMALS:

The native animals of Panama are with few exceptions those of northern South America. There are three species of deer; the tapir; two species of peccaries or wild hogs; the capybara; the paca; the agouti; several squirrels; rabbits; the giant ant bear; the lesser ant bear; the tree ant eater; raccoons; the coati; the kinkajou or honey bear; a number of opossums; the armadillo; tree porcupines; porcupine rats; a number of species of wood rats and wild mice; red and black howling monkeys; two species of spider monkeys; two species of white-faced monkeys; red monkeys; owl monkeys or night monkeys; a brown monkey; several species of marmosets; the nutria; the otter; the manatee; the West Indian seal; a number of species of wild cats; the ocelot; the puma; the jaguar; one species of fox; a badger; two or three species of large weasels; a skunk; a large number of species of bats; two species of sloth; and a number of smaller mammals such as shrews, moles, etc.

AUTOMOBILES:

Both Colon and Panama are well supplied with livery cars and jitneys or taxis. The tariffs for taxis, as well as for cars hired by the hour, are fixed by law and every chauffeur is compelled to carry a copy of the tariff schedule with him and is obliged to show it upon request. Copies of the tariffs may also be secured from the Zone or Panamanian police or at the hotels. The local chauffeurs will almost invariably attempt to charge more than the law allows if they think their prospective fare is a stranger and ignorant of the law. Rates are very low compared to those in the United States, cars costing about $3.00 per hour and taxi rates being about $0.15 per person anywhere in Colon or Panama City. Arrangements also may be made to hire cars for the trip regardless of time. All cars must be licensed in Panama, as well as in the Zone, and drivers are compelled to pass an examination in both and must be licensed. Panamanian chauffeurs are reckless drivers and must continually be cautioned against taking risks and exceeding the speed limits. In both Panama and the Zone all vehicles turn to the left when meeting and to the right when overtaking other vehicles.

BANKS:

There are three excellent banking institutions in

Colon and Panama City. These are the Inter-National Bank, affiliated with the National City Bank of New York. The American Foreign Bank. The Panama Banking Company. These three banks have every facility of any large bank in the United States. In addition, there are several private bankers and the National Bank which is a government institution.

BATHING:

There are excellent bathing pools at the Washington Hotel at Colon and at the Clubhouse at Balboa. The former is a salt water pool; the latter a semi-fresh water pool. Both are conducted by the Canal Zone government and are open to the public. There is also excellent sea bathing at New Cristobal beach, at Bella Vista, near Panama, and at Taboga Island. There is no restriction placed on costumes worn, one piece suits being in common use.

BIRDS:

Panama is very rich in bird life and while no complete list of the native birds has been published the birds commonly seen are similar to those of the neighboring countries of South and Central America. There are a number of species of parrots; several paroquets; the blue and yellow, red and yellow, red and green and military macaws; many species of trogans, including the Quetzal or Resplendent trogan; a number of

toucans; cuckoos; many species of brilliant hued tanagers; a number of cotingas; the umbrella-bird; a bell-bird; many species of todys; several handsome jacamars; a number of orioles, including the troopial; several caziques or yellow-tails; many humming birds; vast numbers of finches, warblers, flycatchers, wood-hewers, woodpeckers, ant-thrushes, shrikes, sparrows, thrushes, etc.; several blackbirds and the black witch or tick bird; many hawks and owls; the Harpy Eagle; a number of species of carrion hawks; several vultures, including the King Vulture; gulls and terns; cormorants; frigate birds; pelicans; skimmers; boobys; herons and egrets; mud hens and rails; land rails; sun bitterns; spoonbills; boat-bills; jabirus; white, wood, glossy and black ibis; waders of many kinds and numbers of ducks, doves and pigeons; curassows commonly called wild turkeys; chachalacas or pheasants; quail and partridge; ground doves; quail doves and jacanas, while, during the winter, many of our common North American birds arrive as migrants and pass the winter months on the Isthmus.

Practically all insectivorous and song birds are protected by law.

BUILDINGS:

The most noteworthy buildings to be seen are as follows:

COLON: Railway Station—Front and 8th Sts.
Strangers Club—Foot of 7th St.
Gilbert House—Back of Railway Station.
Customs House—Foot of 5th St.
Washington Hotel—Water front facing 2nd St.
Colon Hospital—Second and G Sts.
Public Market—Bolivar and 9th Sts.
Public School—Market and 2nd Sts.
Masonic Temple—Bolivar and 11th Sts.
Commissary—Front and 11th Sts.
Samaritan Hospital—G St.
Union Church—G St.
Biscuit Factory—Broadway.
Municipal Building—Bolivar and 6th Sts.
International Bank—Front and 7th Sts.
Post Office—Front and 7th Sts.
Pacific Steam Navigation Co. shops.
Canal Zone High School.
CRISTOBAL: Terminal Building.
Royal Mail S. P. Co. Building.
French Steamship Line Building.
Dutch Steamship Line Building.
Panama R. R. Building.
United Fruit Co. Building.
Club House.
Commissary Restaurant.
Fire Department.
Piers.
Army and Navy "Y".

Post Office.
Commissary Laundry.
Cold Storage Plant, (Mt. Hope).
Cristobal Shops.
Cristobal Dry Docks.
Pumping Station (Mt. Hope).
Printing Plant (Mt. Hope).
Fort De Lesseps.
Mindi Coaling Station.
BALBOA: Railway Station.
Administration Building.
Docks.
Balboa Terminal Building.
Dry Dock.
Machine Shops.
Club House.
Army and Navy "Y".
Commissary.
Commissary Restaurant.
Union Church.
Baptist Church.
Catholic Welfare House.
Incineration Plant.
High School.
Post Office.
Officers' Homes, Quarry Heights.
ANCON: Ancon Hospital.
Tivoli Hotel.
Club House.

Commissary Restaurant.
Commissary.
Post Office.
Masonic Temple, Quarry Heights.
Ancon School.
PANAMA CITY: Firemen's Monument.
Railway Station.
International Hotel.
Santa Ana Church—Santa Ana Plaza on Avenida Central.
Las Mercedes Church—Avenida Central and 10th Sts.
Cathedral—Plaza Central.
Bishop's Residence—Plaza Central.
Hotel Central—Plaza Central.
Municipal Building—Plaza Central.
Old French Canal Building—Plaza Central.
Presidencia—Water Front from 5th to 6th Sts. on North Ave.
Marina Hotel—Water Front from 4th to 5th Sts. on North Ave.
Market—North Ave. and 15th St.
San Felipe de Neri Church—Ave. B and 4th St.
La Salle College—Bolivar Plaza and 3rd St.
San Francisco Church—Bolivar Plaza and 3rd St.
National Theatre—Bolivar Plaza and Ave. B.
National Palace—Avenida Central and 2nd St.
Union Club—Foot of Avenida Central and 1st St.
Chiriqui Prison—Foot of 1st St.

Santo Domingo Church—Ave. A and 3rd St.
American Legation—Avenida Central and 4th St.
San José Church—Ave. A and 8th St.
Electric Light and Power Co.—Foot of 8th St.
Ancient City Walls—Ave. A from 10th to 11th Sts.
French Memorial at Bovedas.
Bull Ring (Plaza de Toros) on road to Old Panama.
Casino—on road to Old Panama.
Orphan Asylum—on road to Old Panama.
Exposition Buildings—Exposition grounds on Old Panama road.
American Hospital—Exposition grounds.
New Santo Tomas Hospital—Exposition grounds.

BULLFIGHTS:

Bullfights are held only when toreadors are available at the Plaza de Toros in Panama City. No horses are used so that the most disgusting part of these spectacles is eliminated and the fights are usually very tame affairs, the native bulls being, apparently, too proud to fight.

CABLES:

There is direct cable communication between Colon and Panama City and every part of the world. Radiograms also may be sent and received.

CLIMATE:

The climate of Panama is delightful. It is seldom oppressively hot, unless one is exercising in the sun, and the nights are always cool. On the Atlantic side there is usually a cool Trade Wind blowing and in the interior blankets are required at night. During the dry season,—from December or January until April or May,—the climate is ideal. At Colon, showers are not unusual during this season, but on the Pacific side there is seldom a drop of rain. During the wet months rain falls practically every day on the Atlantic side; but on the Pacific there are often several days or weeks without rain, even in the rainy season. The thermometer rarely rises above 85° F. in the shade and never falls below 70° F. Hurricanes are unknown and severe earthquakes have not occurred in historical times.

CLOTHING:

Light, summer weight clothing should be worn, although, if one expects to visit the interior or to indulge in much out of door exercise, thin woolen undergarments are advisable. Palm Beach, Pongee and white cotton or linen are the favorite materials for men's suits on the Isthmus. At dances, balls, receptions and other formal functions the gentlemen wear white linen dinner suits, although regulation black dinner or full dress

suits are often seen. For trips into the interior drill, khaki or other light, strong garments should be worn with leather puttee leggins and stout shoes if horseback riding is part of the program. For tramping in the bush, leggins and heavy shoes are a nuisance and cheap canvas tennis shoes are preferable. Soft felt and ordinary straw hats are much used, but Panamas are the favorites.

COACHES:

These vehicles, locally known as "Cochés" or "Carimettas" are everywhere in evidence in Colon and Panama City. Some are in fair shape, others well kept; but the majority are very delapidated, broken down, rickety affairs drawn by raw-boned, ancient horses. Nevertheless they are the most satisfactory means of conveyance if one desires to see the sights and as they are all rubber tired they are far more comfortable than they look. The tariff is the same as for motor cars and they are under the same laws. As in all other lands, the coachmen invariably attempt to overcharge strangers.

COMMISSARIES:

These are established and maintained for the exclusive use and benefit of the Canal Zone employees, members of the army and navy and those employed by the Government of the United

States. However, a great many outsiders manage to secure commissary books and avail themselves of the low prices.

The Commissary Restaurants, on the other hand, are open to the public. There are both service and cafeteria tables with an extra charge of 10% of the bill per person if served at the former.

CONSULS:

Consulates of all important nations may be found in Colon and Panama. There are also American, French, English, Japanese, and other legations with Ministers, in Panama City. There are no consulates on the Zone; the officials in the republic acting for both Panama and the Canal Zone.

CURRENCY:

The currency in general use, both in the Canal Zone and in Panama, is American and all notes, silver, gold, nickels and copper cents pass at face value.

The legal currency of the Republic of Panama is Panamanian, the standard being the gold Balboa worth $1.00. Formerly there were silver coins of one-half, one-quarter, one-tenth and one-twentieth of a Balboa, as well as two-and-one-half cent nickel coins. These, with the exception of the two-and-one-half and five-cent pieces (called respectively "Medias" and "Reales")

have been withdrawn from circulation, although in the interior much Panamanian currency is in circulation. Be very careful not to accept the Panamanian nickels in place of American nickels in change.

Prices are often (and formerly were always) quoted in either "gold" or "silver" the former being the price in United States currency, the latter in Panamanian "Pesos" or silver half Balboas worth $0.50, so that "silver" prices are just one-half the amount in American money. The visitor should invariably enquire whether the amount quoted is "gold" or "silver."

If the amount is quoted in "Pesos" it means Panamanian currency and is half what it would be for the same number of dollars.

CUSTOMS HOUSES:

The only times when a traveler is subjected to Customs inspection of baggage is when entering the Zone at Cristobal or Balboa, as the American authorities collect duties for the Panamanian government. The importation of liquors is prohibited, but otherwise the rules are very lenient and few articles are dutiable if brought in for one's personal use.

DISEASES:

Panama and the Zone are the most healthful

countries in the world at the present time. Yellow fever is unknown; there is little malaria in the cities; typhoid is not endemic and all other contagious diseases are rare. There are occasional outbreaks of mild cases of smallpox which are checked at once and vaccination is compulsory. There are excellent doctors everywhere and the Ancon Hospital is famous all through South America. The Colon Hospital and the Samaritan Hospital in Colon and the private American Hospital at Panama City are all that any similar institutions in the States could be.

Strictly tropical diseases, such as yaws, elephantisis, and even leprosy occur at times among the natives and negroes but victims are never permitted at large and there is not the least danger of a stranger contracting them. Venereal diseases are, however, extremely common, especially among the natives and are the curse of the country, although both governments are doing all that is possible to check them.

DUTIES:

Practically all goods imported are subject to duty, the average rate being 15% ad valorem. Duties on postal packages are payable at the Post Office in Colon or Panama City even if the packages are delivered through the Canal Zone Post Offices.

EXCURSIONS:

Many pleasant excursions may be taken from either Colon or Panama. Among the best are the following:

ROM COLON:

Gatun—By motor to Gatun where locks may be visited and control tower inspected. Also by train.

Spillway—By motor to Gatun Spillway where there is excellent tarpon fishing. Also by train.

San Lorenzo—By motor to Gatun and hence by launch down the Chagres to Fort San Lorenzo. Also by train.

Fort Sherman—By tug from Fort De Lesseps pier to Fort Sherman.

Porto Bello—By launch to Porto Bello.

Bocas del Toro—By steamer to Bocas del Toro and the United Fruit Co. plantations.

France Field—By motor car or coach. Also by train.

Coco Solo—By motor car or coach. Also by train.

Fort Randolph—By motor car or coach. Also by train.

Across Gatun Lake—By train to Monte Lirio and hence by launch (meeting all trains) across the lake to Limon and New Providence.

Through the Canal—Arrangements may be made through the Port Captain and local steamship agents to go through the Canal and disembark

at Miraflores or Pedro Miguel. Occasionally it is possible to arrange for a trip to Balboa.

Mindi Coaling Plant—By launch or via Mount Hope and ferry to the plant which is the largest in the world.

Panama—By regular passenger trains on Panama Railway.

FROM PANAMA AND BALBOA:

Taboga Island—By regular launch from Balboa docks.

Corozal, Miraflores, Pedro Miguel, Paraiso, Gamobo, —By motor car.

Pearl Islands—By launch or coastwise steamer from Panama, or by excursion launch from Balboa.

Old Panama—By motor car from Panama or Hotel Tivoli. Full information as to itineraries, costs, time required, etc. for any of these trips will be supplied by the Hotel Tivoli or Hotel Washington.

EXPENSES:

It is impossible to give any estimate of what the visitors' expenses will be in Panama. It depends entirely upon one's personal tastes and requirements. As a rule, the costs of hotels, living, etc. are little different from such charges in New York. Rooms at the Washington or Tivoli vary from $3.50 to $4.50 per day per person. Table d' hôte meals at the Washington are:

Lunch	$0.75
Dinner	1.25

Breakfasts are a la carte with club breakfasts from $0.35 to $2.00 and a la carte orders may be given for other meals if desired.

FISHING:

There is excellent fishing both off Colon and Panama and splendid sport with tarpon may be had at the Gatun Spillway and on the Chagres. There is a Tarpon Club at Cristobal.

FOOD:

In the larger hotels the food is the same as in the States, but in the outlying districts the food is cooked in native style,—or rather lack of style,—as there is no typically Panamanian cooking corresponding to the national dishes of Mexico and other countries. San Coche, about the only national dish, is a sort of soup or thin stew without anything to recommend it to northern palates. As a rule, the native cooking is very poor.

FRUIT:

All the tropical fruits may be obtained in the markets during their seasons; but are high priced as compared to other tropical countries. Taboga pineapples have the reputation of being the best, but personally, I consider the Limon or Monte Lirio pines far superior, especially the red, yellow-meated variety. Native oranges are excellent, but scarce and the bulk of citrus fruits are

brought from Jamaica, Haiti or California. Apples, grapes, pears, etc. are usually on sale and are imported from the States weekly. Paw-paws or, as they are known locally, Papayas, are a great favorite on the Zone and bananas are universally used. Taken as a whole Panama is very deficient in good tropical fruits, even the mangoes being inferior varieties.

GOLF:

There are splendid golf links at Gatun and near Panama and strangers who are fond of the game are always made welcome. The Hotel Washington also has a miniature course for the use of its guests.

HOSPITALS:

Ancon Hospital at Ancon is one of the best equipped in the world. Colon Hospital, also maintained by the Canal Commission, is excellent as are the Samaritan Hospital in Colon and the Herrick Clinic Hospital at Panama, while the Panamanian hospital of Santo Tomas is thoroughly modern and well equipped.

HOTELS:

The two best hotels on the Isthmus are the Washington at Colon, and the Tivoli at Ancon, both operated by the United States government. At Colon, there are also the Imperial and the Astor which are fair, and in Panama City there are

the International, an excellent hostelry managed by an American, the American, and the Central which are not bad as Latin American hotels go.

HUNTING:

In order to carry or possess firearms in the Zone a license must be obtained. There are also rules regarding the use of rifles on the Zone and game laws both on the Zone and in Panama. There is excellent hunting all about Colon and along the Canal and at a short distance from Panama. There are hunting and gun clubs at Cristobal and Balboa and the members of these can supply full information. To secure a good bag dogs are essential. For general use a 12 bore, double-barreled gun is desirable; but if out for big game a rifle of .25 or .30 calibre is the best weapon. Owing to the dense jungles nearly all game is secured at very close range. Jacking is contrary to law on the Zone, but is constantly indulged in and much game is secured in this manner.

INSECTS:

The greatest nuisances in the tropics are insects and Panama is no exception to the rule. Red bugs; ticks, or garapatas as they are called; jiggers or chigos; sand flies and mosquitoes are the worst pests. The best remedy for a bad attack of either red bugs or small ticks is a

weak solution of formaldehyde. Carbolic soap is also good, as is carbolated vaseline or strong ammonia. Large ticks should be carefully removed and the wound painted with iodine. Jiggers, which are a species of flea which burrows under the skin (usually in the feet) and deposits its eggs, should be carefully removed by means of a sterilized needle and the wound dressed with antiseptic or painted with iodine. Mosquitoes and sandflies are seldom troublesome on the Zone and the hotels are screened; but in the interior, especially in the rainy season, they are a pest and the traveler always should be provided with a sand fly bar of thin cheesecloth or muslin as the ordinary mosquito bar is of no avail with the sand flies. Centipedes and scorpions are very common out in the country, but are never troublesome or dangerous. It is, however, a wise plan to invariably shake out clothing and shoes before putting them on as these creatures are fond of such places. If bitten by a centipede or stung by a scorpion permanganate of potash, ammonia or formaldehyde should be used and no serious results will follow. Ground or "spigotty" itch, cooly itch, foot rot and similar skin troubles are usually caused by minute insect parasites and should be given prompt attention as any sore, wound or irritation may cause serious infection and possible loss of limbs, or even of

life, if neglected in the tropics. Permanganate of potash, iodine or bichloride of mercury will check any of these troubles. Other insect nuisances are ants and cockroaches which abound everywhere.

LAUNCHES:

Launches and other boats may usually be hired at Colon, Panama, Cristobal and Balboa. Very often they are advertised in the *Star* and *Herald* and if not, an advertisement in that paper, or posted on the Clubhouse bulletin board, will bring results.

MAIL:

The mail service in the Zone is far better and more reliable than that of Panama and as the Zone Post Offices are for the use of the public it is wisest for visitors to send their mail from, and to have it addressed to, the nearest Zone Post Office. Boxes may be rented for $0.75 for each three months. The postage stamps used in the Zone are United States and are not good on mail matter posted in Panama, while the Panamanian stamps are not available for use in the Zone. Postage from the Zone or Panama to the States is the same as for inter-state mail.

MOTION PICTURE THEATERS:

There are several motion picture theaters in Panama and two in Colon, the best of the former being the Cecelia on Avenida Central, while the

America on Broadway is the favorite in Colon. In addition, there are motion pictures shown at the Zone Clubhousees and army "Y's" where a very low admission is charged and there are open air pictures at Fort Amador and Fort De Lesseps.

PLACES OF HISTORIC INTEREST:

Colon:

Porto Bello and its ancient fort San Jerome, Fort San Lorenzo at the mouth of the Chagres.

Panama:

Old Panama sacked by the pirate Morgan.—About 8 miles by motor road.

Bovedas and Chiriqui Prison at foot of 1st St.

Church of San Felipe Neri at corner of Avenue B, and 4th St. Built in 1688 and oldest church in the city.

Las Mercedes Church at corner of Avenida Central and 10th St.

Ruins of San Francisco Convent burnt in 1756, Plaza Bolivar.

La Salle College,—Plaza Bolivar.

San Francisco Church, burnt in 1756 and rebuilt 1785,—Plaza Bolivar.

Plaza Central or Independence Park where Panama's Independence was twice declared,—Avenida Central from 5th to 6th Sts.

San Domingo Church and the Flat Arch, burned in 1756—Ave. A and 3rd St.

San José Church and its gold altar—Ave. A and 8th St.

Old City Walls and Forts—Ave. A, 10th and 11th Sts.

Santa Ana Church, built in 1764—Plaza Santa Ana on Avenida Central.

PANAMA HATS:

Panama hats, so-called because they were marketed through Panama, are sold throughout the shops of Colon and Panama at prices far below those in the States. The best hats come from Monte Cristi in Ecuador; but the shops in Panama and Colon frequently pass off inferior Colombian or Peruvian hats for the genuine Monte Cristis. It is very easy to distinguish them as the Ecuadorian hats are started with a circular weave in the center of the crown (inside) while the others have a square or squarish pattern. The quality and price of a Panama depend upon the fineness of the weave, the evenness, the color, the uniform size of the straw, or rather palm; the finish of the edges and many other details and unless the purchaser is an excellent judge of these hats it is best to get some expert to advise, before purchasing.

PASSPORTS:

Passports are not required when leaving the United States for Cristobal and are not needed when

entering Panama from the Zone. When leaving Panama or the Zone for the United States no passports are required; but when sailing for other countries they are necessary.

REPTILES:

There are not many reptiles found in Panama aside from alligators, crocodiles, iguanas and harmless lizards. Snakes are comparatively rare and the few poisonous varieties are very scarce. One is in less danger from snakes in the interior of Panama than in New England or New York State. During over four years in Panama, most of which I spent in the interior, I have never seen but three poisonous snakes and less than a score of snakes of all kinds. The barefooted natives and naked Indians never give them a thought.

STEAMSHIP LINES:

Steamships connect Panama with every country in the world. Indeed, there are few spots so directly in communication with every large port as is Panama. Steamboats, which connect the outlying ports of the Republic with the capital sail from Panama City at more or less regular intervals. Among the more important steamship lines having agencies and offices on the Isthmus are: Grace Line, Panama Railway Line, Royal Mail Steam Packet Co., Pacific Steam Navigation Co., Compagnie Transatlantique, Royal Dutch West India Mail, Compania Transatlantica, La

Veloce (Italian) Line, Pacific Mail, Panama Pacific, Lukenbach Line, Blue Funnel Line, New Zealand Shipping Co., Elders and Fyffes, United Fruit Co., Elders Dempsters, Compania Sud America de Vapores (Chilean), Compania Peruiana (Peruvian Line), Hamburg American, Dollar Line, several Japanese and Chinese lines and numerous others.

TELEGRAPHS AND TELEPHONES:

All the important towns, and most of the villages of Panama, are in direct telegraphic or telephonic communication with the capital. Throughout Colon and Panama City there is a telephone system which may be reached through any of the Zone telephones so that one may communicate with any part of Panama or the Zone from an instrument in either place.

THEATERS:

Aside from the motion picture theaters there is the National Theatre at Panama City wherein operas are held at intervals and there are also vaudeville shows held at times at the Variedades and Cecilia in Panama City, at the America in Colon and at the Zone Clubhouses and Y's.

WATER:

The visitor to the Isthmus need have no fear of drinking freely of the water at Panama City, Colon or anywhere on the Zone, as it is all under the supervision of the United States authorities

and is absolutely safe, being as near pure as it is humanly possible to get it. The water for Panama, Balboa and Ancon is brought from far up the Chagres Valley and is filtered, purified and distributed through the filtration plant at Miraflores. The Colon and Cristobal water is brought from a small lake and is purified and filtered at the Mount Hope station before being distributed. As all ice manufactured on the Zone or in Colon or Panama City is made from the same water there is not the least danger from drinking ice water.

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